

LETTERS

FROM AN

ABSENT BROTHER,

CONTAINING

SOME ACCOUNT OF A TOUR

THROUGH PARTS OF

E NETHERLANDS, SWITZERLAND,
NORTHERN ITALY, AND FRANCE,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1823.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR GEORGE WILSON,
ESSEX-STREET, STRAND.

1824.

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76/1943

LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

Robert Davison

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

THE Author of the following Letters has yielded, with extreme reluctance, to the desires of his Family and Friends, by printing a few copies of them for private circulation. He earnestly entreats, that no one, into whose hands this small work may fall, will become accessory, in any way, to the Letters, or any part of them, being made public.

December 12th, 1823.

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE following pages comprise some particulars of a Tour from Calais through the Netherlands to Cologne; thence up the Rhine to Schaffhausen; through Switzerland to Geneva; thence by Chamouny, to Milan and Turin; returning by Lyon and Paris to England.

The reader must not expect in these letters any thing of the studied and minute details of a regular tourist. The author makes no such pretensions. He travelled as an invalid and as a clergyman, after a life spent in theological pursuits, and his attention was most strongly directed to the beauties of nature, and to inquiries into subjects connected with morals and religion. His letters are also the unpremeditated

effusions of the moment, giving the first impressions made upon his mind by the scenes through which he passed, and by the information afforded him by the pious and learned persons to whom he was introduced. The facts which he records illustrative of the superstitions of Popery or the indifference of Protestantism, of the moral and social condition of the inhabitants of different countries, and of the estimate formed of spiritual and vital Christianity, he simply describes as they fell under his own observation. Perhaps he expresses himself with more surprise than the reader would expect on some occasions, from his previous recluse habits. Every thing was new to a stranger emerging from his study to travel for the first time in foreign lands.

Some reasons may naturally be required for the publication of letters so devoid of the ordinary claims to attention. The simple truth is, that having been ordered to travel abroad for his health last summer, he was accompanied by his family and an old college friend.

On their arrival at Calais, his companion and his sons began to keep journals of their tour. From this attempt, his state of health exempted him. When the time, however, arrived for sending despatches to England, most of the party being engaged with their journals, he was unanimously requested to write the first letter. A similar reason offered itself at each succeeding post; and thus the author became, without the slightest previous intention, the English correspondent. He was encouraged to proceed by the accounts which he received from home, of the pleasure which his hasty sketches afforded to the absent members of his family. He had soon a letter always in hand; and the journals gradually falling into arrear, his series of communications was sometimes the only record of the journey. By degrees, also, his health and spirits improved, and he took a livelier interest in his task, and executed it more in detail. He was, in consequence, not at all aware of the length of his correspondence, till he saw it collected together on his return.

In this totally unprepared and confidential manner were these letters written. The author communicated his first ideas of all he saw, and his opinions on various subjects, without the slightest suspicion that his letters would be communicated beyond his own family.

When he returned to England, he found, to his utter surprise, that they had been read by a considerable circle of friends, who were pleased to express themselves gratified with the number and variety of facts he had collected, and especially with his account of the state of religion abroad. They soon became importunate with him to allow a few copies to be printed for private circulation. They admitted, indeed, that such free communications might not be fit for the public eye; but maintained, that no inconvenience could arise from a private edition of them. After much delay, and with extreme reluctance, the author yielded to this importunity. And the consequence, which perhaps he ought to have

anticipated, has followed; he finds himself compelled to consent to the present publication. The copies of the letters have been, in fact, so widely circulated, as to make further concealment fruitless if not impossible.

In the meantime, the author has received from various friends on whose judgment he has been accustomed to rely, the most encouraging opinions as to the work itself. They have stated to him, that such a publication could scarcely fail of being acceptable to the larger class of readers, who would prefer a simple and unadorned narrative of such a journey, to the elaborate and studied productions of a more professed tourist.

If the public should judge that this opinion is founded in truth, the author will have less reason to regret the strong necessity to which only he was disposed to yield.

The alterations and additions which he has

made in carrying the work through the press are not inconsiderable. The letters are substantially the same; but many of the domestic occurrences and personal allusions are omitted, a few inaccuracies are corrected, and some additional facts and illustrations are introduced; so that the general effect is, as the author hopes, strengthened and improved. He has also inserted a few explanatory notes, and has closed the series with a new letter, comprising some account of Paris, and some general reflections on the whole tour.

There may, after all, be considerable difference of opinion as to the expediency of the present publication. The author confesses that it does not appear to him to be inconsistent with the character of a minister of Christ, to publish a familiar, and even imperfect, account of a tour, rendered indispensable by indisposition, if the tendency of it is to assist the English Protestant to associate religious and moral ends

with the pursuit of health or improvement in foreign travels.

The motive, however, which determined him to yield without further delay to the necessity above adverted to, was, that a long state of painful infirmity had laid him aside from all public duties, and that, in giving a corrected edition of the following letters, he thought he should be filling up, not altogether unprofitably, the hours of languor and suffering, and be perhaps "occupying with his single talent" as an invalid, at a time when he could not be more actively employed as a minister of the Gospel. He considered besides, that if the serious cast of his work should prove beneficial to any of his countrymen travelling abroad, he should not be really chargeable with deserting, in the publication of it, his appropriate sphere of duty.

He therefore commends this little work, with all its imperfections, to the blessing of God, the giver of all good; without whom the most

elaborate production must fail of any salutary effect; but whose approbation can prosper even the humblest effort to honour him, and to promote the welfare of mankind.

April 20, 1824.

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LETTERS,

&c.

LETTER I.

Ghent or Gand, Saturday, June 21st, 1823.

WE are now fixed, my dear sister, for the Sunday, and therefore I begin to give my dearest mother and you some account of our movements. Thank God, we are all in good health, and surrounded by many, many blessings and mercies. We are now at Gand, or Ghent, in the kingdom of the Netherlands, about eighteen leagues from Ostend. We had a delightful drive to Dover on Monday, and found good accommodations at the Union Hotel. Our passage in the steam vessel, on Tuesday, to Calais was calm and favourable. We almost all suffered

from sea-sickness ; but, by three or four o'clock, we were sitting down to an excellent dinner at the Bourbon Hotel, at Calais, and began to forget our fatigue. It was late on Tuesday evening before we had hired two carriages for four months for our tour ; for we found one would have been unsafe and inconvenient. About eleven on Wednesday we were on the road to Dunkirk. We passed Gravelines, a place of considerable strength, with five lines of fortification. The road annoyed us a good deal, being all a stone-paved way ; and the wind was not less inconvenient, blowing from the sea, from the north-east. We reached Dunkirk about five. It is a large noble town, with a fine port, a handsome church, and a good deal of trade. A tower enabled us to command an extensive view of the whole surrounding country. The fortifications and the port were destroyed after the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. There is a great air of comfort and cleanliness about this part of France, but the deplorable superstitions prevalent every where are most affecting. At this town they actually call the

Protestants *Jews*, confounding them generally with all who disbelieve the Roman Catholic tenets. The adoration the people pay the Virgin Mary is deplorable; in fact, it seems to supersede every thing else.

On Thursday we set off for Mount Cassel, a beautiful spot seven leagues from Dunkirk; from the summit of which thirty-two towns and an hundred villages are said to be visible; for I could not make out near so many. On one side of the hill General Vandamme has laid out a beautiful garden, the study and delight of twenty-four years. We reached the celebrated town of Lille (of which the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns speak so much, and the fortifications of which were the chef-d'œuvre of Vauban) about nine in the evening. It contains sixty-two thousand inhabitants, surrounded with walls, moats, and formidable works. The town is built of stone, the houses are handsome, adorned with carved work, and finished in a style quite superior to our English ones. I called on the Protestant Minister—only two hundred and fifty Protestants, alarmed,

dejected—a feeble Bible Society. Superstition with her dark damp shade overhangs the place. The trade is in lace and cotton chiefly. The men in the manufactories gain three or four francs (the franc is worth about nine-pence halfpenny) a day; the women one franc, and the children about the same; food a third part cheaper than in London. The women wear only caps and cloaks; the wooden shoe is common.

We set off on Friday, yesterday, about two in the afternoon, for Courtray, a town interesting for its cheerfulness and neatness, for the taste in which the houses are built, and its general beautiful appearance—but, alas! the whole place is given to superstition. At every lamp through the streets an image of the Virgin is suspended; not a Protestant in the town. In England, we have little idea of the state of things in Catholic Europe; there is “a darkness that may be felt.”

Here and at Gand, and a village lying between, we have seen some of those fine pulpits which are common in the Netherlands. If the doctrine delivered only resembled the excellence

of the pulpits, it would be a blessing indeed. One was a kind of palm-tree, the trunk concealing within it the stairs; the foliage formed the sounding-board, and an immense sort of pumpkin the pulpit itself, which an angel supported underneath. The next was a pulpit sustained by four female figures as large as life; the sounding-board surmounted by a cherub raising the cross, angels standing by. A third was chiefly of white marble; an angel underneath opened the Bible to an old man, at these words, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Another angel at the sounding-board was blowing the trumpet of the gospel, and another sustaining the cross. But, oh! the sad falling off when we turn from this to the wretched superstitions of Popery. It seems quite incredible, with the New Testament in our hands, that men should be so deluded; but the Scriptures describe Popery as "the power of error;" "Satan deceiving the nations."—Still the diligence of the Catholics' attention to their ceremonies, and their deep devotion,

ought to be examples to purer churches. We never entered a church but many were at their prayers; and this evening the churches were crowded. I forgot to tell you, that one of our carriages gave way about seven miles from Courtray; a bar of iron behind was broken through. It detained us two hours on the road, and will keep us here perhaps over Monday; otherwise we should have reached Antwerp to-night, and Brussels on Monday. We have now come forty-five leagues from Calais, about one hundred and twenty-four English miles. We are all quite well, and comfortable, and happy, and cheerful, with no one accident to our persons, and only the slight one just mentioned to the carriages. Farewell. The post does not go out till Tuesday.

Gand, Sunday night, 22d.—We found to-day an English service at one of the churches. The prayers were well read, and the sermon tolerable. We spoke to the clergyman after church, and it turned out that he knew something of us. We asked him home to our inn,

and he dined with us. He was a pleasant, and I hope a pious man. There being no Protestant service, I went in the afternoon to attend one of the Catholic churches. The sermon was in Flemish, and unintelligible to me; and the Mass afterwards was most afflictive: really, the processions, prostrations, incense, music, made up a sort of stage-effect, utterly irreconcilable with all notions of spiritual worship. Thank God for the Reformation! In the evening we had service in our family,—the evening prayers of the church, and a sermon. I was much inclined to have offered to preach this morning; but I abstained, from a sense of duty. My heart and thoughts have been much at St. John's.

Gand, June 23d, Monday morning.—We have had an excellent night—all well; we are now going to visit the principal curiosities of this celebrated town, and shall probably set off for Antwerp about two in the afternoon, and arrive at eight. To-morrow we mean to sleep at Brussels; and Wednesday, perhaps, at

Maestricht, and so on to Spa. The road in these Low Countries is all a pavé in the middle, and generally deep sand on the sides. I suppose we have travelled about one hundred miles already on stones, which are worse than those in our London streets. Carriages break down constantly; sometimes the first day, and generally before the end of the week. We paid four francs for some cords, at Vive St. Eloï, which were worth five sous—about sixteen times their value. Farewell. Pray for us, and believe me your affectionate

D. W.

LETTER II.

Brussels, Friday, June 27, 1823.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I SENT off my first letter from Ghent, on Monday, June 23, which I hope you received on Thursday or Friday. I begin now my second letter against the next post-day. We took our view of the city of Ghent on Monday morning. It stands upon twenty-six islands, connected by three hundred bridges. It has sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants. It was the birth-place of Charles V. The Nunnery, where six or seven hundred females maintain themselves by spinning and other like works, first engaged our attention. We next visited the Museum of Paintings, distinguished for many pictures of Rubens. The public Library is one of the finest buildings in Europe ;

entirely of black and white marble. An inscription, taken from St. Chrysostom, very much pleased me, "*Lectio Scripturarum munitio est adversus malum* ; The reading of the Scriptures is the defence against evil"—no obscure testimony against the present practice of the Church of Rome. The Cathedral is sumptuous and superstitious beyond all imagination ; (See Rev. xviii. 11—13.) We ascended the tower by four hundred and sixty-four steps, and there obtained a rich coup-d'œil of the whole city, which has all the marks of departed grandeur.

At two, our carriages being repaired, we set off for Antwerp ; eleven leagues, thirty miles English. As we approached it, the magnificent tower of the Cathedral appeared directly in our view,—466 feet high, of the most delicate architecture, and rising at top to the finest point imaginable—certainly the most splendid thing of the kind in Europe : the Scheld river, however, flowing between us and the city, we had to pass a quarter of a league in a ferry-boat before we could reach it. As we walked up to the inn, gaudy images of the Virgin offended

us at the corner of almost every street; forty or fifty of these, with lamps suspended before them, are scattered over the city. The town is most handsome and noble, like the former capital of European commerce. The Scheld is broader here than our Thames at London, and flows close up to the place. We visited the next morning the church of St. James, and saw a beautiful pulpit, supported by female figures as large as life, representing Truth, Faith, Theology, and Learning. The tower of the cathedral, of six hundred and twenty-two steps, I declined to ascend. The Museum of Pictures is valuable. We dined at three, and soon after drove off to Brussels, where we arrived at nine in the evening, Tuesday, June 24. Here we have been detained three days for repairing a second time the carriages—dislocated, weakened, shattered almost, with these pavés. The city is beautifully situated, partly on a hill and partly in the valley; it has one hundred thousand inhabitants, with boulevards encircling it, which will, when finished, be about six miles in extent. The chamber of the *Etats Géné-*

raux, or Parliament, is really quite charming, much more elegant and commodious than our English House of Commons. The Royal Palaces at this place and at Lacken, three miles from Brussels, are pleasing. The chief church of St. Gudule is, like all the other Catholic churches, loaded with images of saints and the Virgin. A priest showed us the church; and told us, with perfect sang-froid, that some Jews having, four centuries ago, stolen the host from the church and stabbed it, blood miraculously issued from it and destroyed them! The pulpit here again is exquisite; it is supported by figures of Adam and Eve driven out of Eden by an angel, with death triumphing over their ruin. The stairs and back of the pulpit represent the garden of Eden, with the different animals around. The sounding-board is surmounted by our Saviour, and, what always accompanies it, the Virgin. The Museum and Library are fine; one hundred thousand volumes, and many pictures of Rubens. We here saw the first book printed at Brussels, in the year 1476, entitled *Speculum Conscientiæ*. We

were introduced to a very pious Protestant gentleman, who showed us the greatest kindness. Things are rather improving upon the whole as to religion; still the dark heavy superstition of Popery prevails, and weighs down the consciences of men. Buonaparte is the idol here, and the present Government unpopular; but Popery seems to me the great evil. O, when shall the pure truth of the Gospel once more spread through Europe; and silently, but effectually, dissipate this strong delusion! 2 Thess. ii. 10, 11.

Namur, Sunday, June 29.—A city entirely catholic! Twenty thousand souls, and scarcely a Protestant inhabitant! Not so much as a single sermon, of any kind, in any church throughout the day, for the people of the town! Thank God, the military, from Holland and Switzerland, have Protestant chaplains and services in a church built for them by the present King of the Netherlands, who is himself, as you know, of the Protestant religion. As soon as breakfast was over, we had the

morning prayers of our own Church and a sermon; our little congregation seven as usual. At twelve, I went to the Military Chapel, to hear the German sermon, of which I could not understand a word. I talked afterwards to the chaplain; he was a sensible and pious young man. We dined at a quarter past one. In the afternoon, we went to the Cathedral—Popish service—building fine—pulpit of beautiful, though unadorned, marble. We are now about to have our second domestic service. O, how I pity these Catholics, brought up to worship, not the God and Father of all, but the Virgin Mary and the Saints!—Farewell.

Namur, Monday morning.—We are now going off for Liege; we hope to be at Spa on Wednesday; at Aix la Chapelle, Thursday; and Cologne on the Rhine (where the pavé ends), Saturday. At Brussels, we engaged with a Swiss voiturier, who had come here with four horses from Rome, to conduct us to Berne. We left Brussels at nine on Saturday, and at eleven were on the field of Waterloo.

The garden, where Lord Anglesey's leg was interred, was visited by his Majesty the King of England, two years back; we saw the monument. The small village church contains twenty-two monuments of the English officers who fell, with suitable inscriptions—a most affecting sight, I assure you. The field of Waterloo itself is covered with corn; but the hedge leading to Ohain, the farm of Haie Sainte, Huguemont, Planchenoir, &c. remain. The spot where the last attack was made on the English by the Imperial Guard is marked by a pillar, and also that where General Gordon fell. The Wellington tree was brought to England two years ago, and is at the British Museum. Costa, Buonaparte's guide, was ours,—an elderly man, full of enthusiasm in his description of the battle. We spent an hour with him on this memorable scene of England's glory. We reached Namur at nine, after a journey, on pavé, of forty-four miles. It is a strongly fortified place, celebrated for the long siege which it sustained in King William's wars, and, like all frontier towns, the perpetual scene

of bloodshed and misery. Forty thousand soldiers were quartered here in 1815 under Grouchy. It stands on the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse or Maese; a fine mountain, adorned with hanging wood, and crowned with tremendous fortifications, forming the background. The walk by the river side is exquisite.

Huy, Twelve o'clock, Monday, June 30.—We have been four hours and a half coming to this beautiful town. The road has been by the side of the Meuse, seventeen miles. The hanging woods, the rocks, the villages, the windings of the river, the ruined castles, and a road of fine smooth earth, not pavé, formed one of the most striking and beautiful rides I have ever witnessed. The cliffs and woods, in some places, were sublime. The rain of yesterday had laid the dust, and left a verdure on the face of nature. The peculiar feature was the trees and woods, interspersed amongst the rocks in the most picturesque manner. We ascended the fortress at this place; which

Lord Wellington, we were told, has been six years directing six thousand men to construct, and which is considered to be impregnable.

Liege, Tuesday, July 1.—We arrived here last night, the road continuing equally beautiful; but the heat of the day, especially in the morning, was very great, and we find ourselves a good deal fatigued. My dear Mrs. W. has been on the whole comfortable, though yesterday she felt the heat a good deal. To-day is the post, and therefore I close this letter. Pray for us. I found no letters from England at Brussels, but I hope to receive some at Cologne. We are all well.

I am, &c.

D. W.

P. S. We have underrated the distance we have travelled; the leagues are two miles and three quarters English; so that we have now gone about two hundred and seventy-five miles from Calais. We have two coachmen, and two beautiful white horses to each carriage. Liege

contains nothing very remarkable. It stands in a picturesque spot on the side of a hill; a small river, banked with stone walls, runs through it; and the gardens coming down to the river, are beautiful; a promenade, with trees, affords a delightful walk all around. In coming here we saw the mountain sides, for the first time, covered with vineyards.

LETTER III.

Spa, Tuesday, July 1, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

WE have safely arrived at this beautiful spot,—a romantic watering place, celebrated all over Europe for its mineral springs. The road from Liege is mountainous, but in many places highly picturesque ; and as you approach Spa, follows the course of a fine stream till you come to Spa itself, which is situated in a charming valley, surrounded with mountains covered with hanging woods. On our road, we stopped an hour at a small inn, in the chamber of which I found a sort of chapel, dressed up with a crucifix, and many superstitious ornaments ; underneath, however, was a copy of verses so pious, that I copied them out, and send them for your benefit. I think them admirable :

*La Sainte Volonté de Dieu ; la Folie de la Croix ; ou,
Maximes de la Sagesse Evangélique.*

Domptez vos passions, faites-vous violence ;
Mortifiez vos désirs, chérissiez le silence.
Croyez sincèrement chacun meilleur que vous ;
Jugez de tous au bien, soyez affable à tous.
Ne vous prévalez pas du mal que font les autres ;
Excusez leur défauts, humiliez vous des vôtres.
Détournez votre esprit des objets curieux ;
Ménagez vos momens, car ils sont précieux.
Evitez avec soin l'amitié trop humaine ;
Elle trouble le cœur, et ne produit que peine.
Obeïssez gaïment, ne murmurez jamais ;
Votre âme jouira d'une solide paix.
Que cette paix seroit durable et salutaire ;
Si l'on n'avoit le cœur qu'à son unique affaire.
Et si l'on savoit bien graver dans l'esprit ;
Que le monde n'est rien, si l'on n'a Jesus Christ.

Heureux qui prend le temps comme Dieu le lui donne ;
Des biens, des maux présens, sait faire son profit :
Et qui pour l'avenir au Seigneur s'abandonne,
Disant, content de tout, *Dieu le veut, il suffit.*

Spa, Wednesday, July 2.—We have had a beautiful day. This village is surrounded with the finest rides and walks imaginable. The waters are a strong chalybeate, and some of

them with sulphur. They were first discovered in 1326. The place has fallen off for the last thirty years, and is now in decay. We shall stay here over to-morrow probably. Little did I think I should ever spend a birth-day at Spa, but so it is. I am forty-five to day ; with how many mercies surrounded ; with how much to lament in myself ! This world how short, how vain, how unsatisfying ! Oh, that the temporal springs of this place may lead me to thirst more ardently for that fountain of living waters, which springs up into everlasting life !

At La Chapelle, Saturday, July 5.—We left Spa on Thursday after dinner, and came by a delightful road to Verviers, a small town, eleven miles distant, celebrated for a small river, the waters of which are used for dying cloths. The town is situated in a valley ; fine hills surround it ; a promenade made half way up on one side of the hill commands the place, and affords an exquisite prospect. The town is before you, overtopped by the green hills on the other side of it ; between the town and the

foot of the hill are the gardens of the houses in the main street, running down to the river, and over which bridges are thrown, which add much to the whole effect. The number of inhabitants is about ten thousand. We saw a multitude of persons in the evening kneeling down on the outside of one of the church-doors, uttering miserable cries before the image of a saint. We are now come to German servants, and find our French of little use to us.

On Friday morning, at seven o'clock, we came to Aix, twenty-five miles; here we enter the kingdom of Prussia. This city is associated with every thing grand in modern Europe. The peace of 1748 was signed here; and at the Hotel de Ville is an immense picture of all the ambassadors who were present on that occasion: unfortunately they are not portraits. A tower of this building was erected by the Romans. The baths of hot sulphureous water, of the heat of one hundred and forty-three degrees of Fahrenheit, gave the name to the town, Aix, a corruption from *Aquæ*, waters. The cathedral was built by Charlemagne in

804, and yet preserves his throne of white marble, in which thirty-six Emperors of Germany have been crowned. Over his tomb is a plain stone with this simple inscription, *Carolo Magno*. The pulpit is not remarkable for its architecture; but around the sounding-board are these words, "But we preach Christ." Alas! the fact is, they now preach the Virgin Mary; before whose image we saw with our own eyes a woman kneeling with uplifted hands in prayer. The relics of this church are en-chased in immense shrines of silver gilt, set with precious stones. A priest gravely showed us a nail and several pieces of the wood of the cross; the sponge, in which the vinegar was offered to our Saviour; a part of the girdle of our Lord; a link of the chain with which St. Peter was martyred; an arm and some of the hair of John the Baptist; a tooth of St. Thomas; some bones of Simeon, &c. It was with the utmost difficulty I could keep my countenance. I asked the priest if all these things were matters of faith. He replied, "No, but they rested on

the most undoubted historical evidence"—which for my part I always thought was the only proper ground of faith as to a matter of fact. Oh, the gross impositions of this corrupt church! May the blessed Spirit of Grace hasten the time when truth shall once more triumph over its Papal, as it did over its Pagan foes! Aix is surrounded with beautiful boulevards; and the adjoining hill of Louisbourg commands a fine view of the city. The Allied Monarchs were here for three months, four years back; and our own beloved King the year before last. English newspapers are prohibited throughout Prussia. Every creature is brim-full of discontent; and much beyond the occasion, I should think.

Bergheim, Saturday Evening, July 5.—We have finished our journey for the week. We left Aix this morning for Juliers, eighteen miles; a strongly fortified town, with a large moat and several lines of defence—four thousand inhabitants. After dinner (which now

costs us twenty-pence a head), we set off for this village, where there are six hundred and fifty souls, and only one Protestant. It is a sweet, calm place; the hotel clean, people attentive, beds comfortable. Our host was a fine young man, one of Buonaparte's soldiers, and not at all disguising his hatred of the Prussian government. In the house opposite, the Royal Family of France received the news of the detention of Louis XVI. at Varennes, in 1792. Farewell, for to-night.

Monday Morning, July 8.—Yesterday we had our English service twice, as usual. My college friend, whom I shall often have occasion to speak of, preached to us most excellently. The Church here is filled with superstitions: a procession of two hundred persons came eighteen miles, yesterday, to sing hymns in honour of the Virgin. The attention of the people at Church was very great; their prayer-books are in Latin and German. Under an image of our Lord, we found these words, "Thou who passest by, honour always the image of Christ; but adore

not the image, but him whom it represents." It is thus precisely that a heathen priest would have excused his idolatry. We inquire all we can as to the state of the people. The children in Prussia are forced to go to school; all read and write; the men are husbandmen, and get six or seven francs a week, and their food; the women three francs.

Bonn on the Rhine, Tuesday, July 9.—We left Bergheim yesterday at seven, and came to Cologne by ten, fourteen miles—for we never go more than about four miles an hour. We spent seven hours in visiting this most ancient and curious city, Cologne. The Rhine here first burst upon us; a noble, broad, rich flood, rushing from the Lake of Constance to Holland, eight hundred and thirty miles. Cologne was a city built by the Romans, of whom many memorials remain; especially a tower in the old wall, and a part of the Town House. The churches, convents, &c., are numerous; one hundred and eighty-five in number. The Cathedral is an unfinished stupendous edifice;

which was two hundred and fifty years in building. Here we saw—what can you imagine?—the heads of the three wise men who visited our Lord—actually so—with their names, which I had never heard of before, inscribed over each,—Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar; they are enshrined in massy silver gilt, adorned with precious stones. We visited the church, where Rubens was baptized, and that where St. Ursula and her eleven thousand nuns were interred¹. The town is strongly fortified, has fifty thousand souls, and one thousand three hundred Protestants, amongst whom, I am told, there are many most excellent and spiritually-minded Christians. It is in Prussia. We saw

¹ “The hugest fraud of this kind (as to relics) that ever was practised, was when the contents of a whole cemetery were brought forth as the bones of eleven thousand British virgins, all bound from Cornwall, to be married in America, carried by tempests up the Rhine to the city of Cologne, and there martyred by an army of Huns under Attila! Even this legend obtained credit; all parts of Christendom were eager to acquire a portion of the relics, and at this day a church may be seen at Cologne, literally lined with the bones.” *Southey's Book of the Church*, Vol. I. p. 293.

a most magnificent organ in one of the churches ; the gallery composed entirely of marble, with statues in front, of the Apostles and Patriarchs ; the whole supported by marble pillars, and filling up an entire corner of the church ; splendid beyond conception².

Remagen on the Rhine, Tuesday Evening.—We have had a most charming day. At Bonn, a gentleman with whom I had made some acquaintance in England, a most pious and sensible man, took us over the University of Bonn, founded in 1819, by the King of Prussia—five hundred and twenty students, half Protestant and half Catholic—eighteen professors—library fifty-five thousand volumes.—The College, a former palace of the Elector of Hesse, of immense extent. There is a revival of religion among Catholics and Protestants here, and an excellent Bible Society. As soon, however, as

² Some traveller perhaps may be glad to know, that our Eau de Cologne, of which we laid in a supply here, paid about three-pence a bottle duty at Dover, on our return.

a Catholic priest preaches the Gospel purely, he is, somehow or other, removed or banished, by his superiors: but cannot be further persecuted, as the King is a Protestant. One priest was the means of converting forty families in his parish. The Kings of Prussia and the Netherlands are Protestants. This is a great point, and is working immense good. They have the custom here of sending circular letters round to their friends, to announce to them the day of their approaching marriage—in England we keep it a secret as much as possible. Our drive from Bonn to this place, Remagen, by the banks of the Rhine, was exquisite; words can give you no idea of it. A fine river, five or six hundred feet broad, with continual windings, opening into bays; on each side villages, with beautiful spires; vineyards, crags, corn-fields, interspersed: the scenery now rising with magnificence, now sinking into softer beauty; distant mountains bounding the prospect; nothing can be conceived more splendid and lovely. We alighted at Mehlem, and

crossed the Rhine at Koenigswinter, to ascend the lofty mountain of Drachensfels, one thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the river, and commanding an astonishing view. As I walked down the hill, I asked our guide if he had a Bible. He told me he had, and that he read it constantly.—I asked him a few questions about the Old and New Testament history, when I discovered that his Bible was a pamphlet of 18 or 19 pages, drawn up by the priests—such is the ignorance of these people. The corn harvest is begun. The vintage is not till the middle of October. Every thing here depends on the vine: the landlords let portions of land to tenants for half the crop of grapes of each year; the punishment for eating any grapes is five francs the first offence, and four days imprisonment the second. The wine is here thirteen-pence the bottle. During the brief time of the vintage, the people employed eat as much as they like.

Coblentz, July 10, Wednesday.—We have

just arrived at this town, which from its immense fortifications seems to be the key of Germany. We left Remagen at nine this morning, and dined at Andernach, where it is thought that Julius Cæsar crossed the Rhine. The town is curious—very old—full of remains of Roman antiquity—a gate built by Augustus. The dinners here annoy us; nothing is simple and plain; hashes, stews, oils, dirt. But it is the road along the Rhine which is most interesting; for ten or twelve miles the diversified scenes, and beauty of the views, exceeded all the conceptions which I had previously formed: vineyards, rocks, mountains, every thing that can enchant the eye, and fill it with gratitude to the Author of every blessing. Here we intend sleeping. We are four hundred and forty miles from Calais, and all well and surrounded with mercies. We have now smooth roads, without pavé, and the weather is charming. Coblenz is beautifully situated on the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle. A bridge of boats crosses the Rhine. The view

on each side is exquisite. The river flows with a strong current, and is, I should think, about one thousand feet wide at this part. We hope to be at Franckfort on Saturday, and at Basle sometime about Tuesday week, July 22.

LETTER IV.

*St. Goar on the Rhine, 460 miles from
Calais, Friday, July 11th, 1823.*

WE are now, my dear sister, in the very heart of the most beautiful part of the Rhine. From Bonn to Mentz, ninety-seven miles, the route is by the side of this majestic flood. Magnificence and beauty are united in the highest imaginable degree. The loftiest rocks, craggy, crowned with ancient and dilapidated towers, rise before you so as sometimes to darken the scene, and are then joined and softened by a perpetual garden. The profusion of vineyards, the skill and labour with which they are carried up every chink and crevice where the sun can reach; the beauty and freshness now shed over them as they are flowering, and the fragrant smell as you drive along, create a scene quite inconceivable to those who have not witnessed them. Hundreds of small villages also, with a

spire towering above them, and perhaps an old fortification and gates, or a ruined château, are scattered on the banks on each side, whilst the ever-flowing Rhine, deep and rich, either expands itself into a lake, or presses on between abrupt rocks, or embraces, every now and then, an island filled with fruit-trees and vines;—conceive of all this, and you will allow me, without blame, to be a little enthusiastic. The noble road which the French have raised by the margin of the stream, and without pavé, increases the pleasure of this part of our journey. I think I never felt such warm emotions of gratitude to the Almighty Giver of all good, as since I have been passing through this scene of wonders. The spot where we now are (St. Goar) for example, is enclosed on all hands by the most variegated mountain scenery. The Ruins of Reichenfels are above the town; at our feet is the Rhine; on the opposite shore is Goarhausen, crowned with a Roman fortification. The sun is shedding its glories on all sides, whilst the broken rocks and valleys receive or reject his rays, and create the most

grateful alternations of light and shade. Last night we took a boat and ascended the river to witness the setting sun, and observe the two shores in unbroken luxuriance. Every reach forms in fact a superb lake: we passed from one to another, comparing the different beauties which each presented to us with a lavish hand. The scene was majestic indeed; and the last rays of the orb of day tinging the mountain-tops, and throwing a glow over the waters, completed, so to speak, the picture. But I must, absolutely, tear myself from this topic to tell you, that at Coblentz we ascended the heights of Ehrenbreitstein, an impregnable fortress commanding a prospect beyond measure extensive. The point of greatest beauty was the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle. The Moselle, with its deep red stream, meets the yellow waters of the Rhine; and the combat between the two is most surprising. They do not mix; but the Rhine forms, with its larger current, an overpowering barrier against its weaker neighbour, whose waters creep along the shore till they are gradually lost in their course. At the

mouth of the Moselle, the division of the two waters is so strongly marked, that you would think a dam had been interposed. We visited only one church at Coblentz, St. Castor; for the beauties and simple majesty of the divine works in creation gave us no great taste for the superstitions of a church which has been employed so many hundred years in deforming the greatest of all the works of God—redemption. A noble fountain, however, attracted our attention; it was built by the French in 1812, and bears this inscription: “1812, *Memorable pour la Campagne contre les Russes.*”—Beneath this, the Russians, in 1814, added these words, “*Sous le prefecture de Jules Doazan, vu et approuvé par nous Commandant Russe de la ville de Coblentz, 1st January, 1814.*” A mixture of great good and great evil seems to have followed the rule of France for twenty-three years over the Pays Bas, and the countries on the Rhine. The convents are abolished; the Protestants have churches; the cities and roads are improved and beautified; knowledge and truth have entrance; Popery has received a

deadly blow; commerce, art, industry, property, are revived and quickened. But, but, oh! the painful catalogue of miseries, injustice, ruin, death, infidelity, vice, which must be drawn up on the contrary side! On the whole, it must be admitted, that the population is favourable to the French, and would wish to return to them as masters. The memory of Bonaparte is too much cherished, loved, adored every where. May God, the Sovereign Ruler and Saviour of mankind, educe good from the confusion and tumult of human passions and conflicts. The peaceful Gospel of Christ is the only remedy for a distracted sinful world.

At Hirtzenach, a village near St. Goar, we halted at a small inn, where the master was a Jew, who refused to give us plates and knives, &c. because we were Christians, and looked anxiously into our tin-boxes to see what food we had with us.—The first thing was a ham. However, with unaccountable inconsistency, he went to a neighbouring house and fetched us all we wanted. I read to him from his Hebrew bible some prophecies of the Messiah,

which he seemed very little to understand, and still less to take any interest in. Last night our supper here (St. Goar) was curious; first, soup, something worse than water-gruel; next, boiled veal; then chicken, stuffed with bread-pudding, and accompanied with cherry-sauce and salad; then cold salmon cut in slices; next, roast mutton; lastly, cakes and cherries. We are now in the heart of the wine-country. The finest white wine is here exactly thirteen pence (twenty-six sous) the bottle; and for large bottles, twenty-pence (forty sous).

Bingen, at the confluence of the Nahe and the Rhine, Friday Evening, July 11.—We have now quitted Prussian Germany, and entered the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt. We are four hundred and seventy-seven miles from Calais. We spent this morning in taking a second excursion on the Rhine, at St. Goar, for three hours, where new beauties continually presented themselves. At half-past twelve we dined at the Table d'Hôte, and at two came on seventeen miles to this town of four thousand souls; the road was

actually one garden for sweetness, whilst its rude, magnificent scenery sustained its awful grandeur all around. We arrived here at six, and have been taking, for the first time, a walk in a vineyard; it belongs to a gentleman of Bingen, and covers about five acres, on a lovely hill, commanding beautiful views of the Nahe and the Rhine; and on the summit presenting the ruins of a Roman castle. These five acres yield about seven pipes of wine, of one thousand two hundred bottles each, selling in retail at thirteen-pence the bottle. As we returned to our inn, about half-past eight, we stepped into the church, whose religious gloom was inimitably fine. Adieu.

Weisbaden, in the Duchy of Nassau, Sunday, July 13, 1823.—This is our fourth Sunday since we left London. We hoped to have reached Franckfort yesterday, but the horses could take us no farther than this German watering-place, so celebrated for its hot-baths. We have had our private service twice, but could find only German Protestants for public

worship. We are now in the dominions of a Protestant prince; but, oh! what a state of things for a Sunday,—the shops all open—a ball at our inn this evening—music at dinner—public places crowded,—the whole village in motion. This blotting out of the Sabbath from the days of the week is quite frightful—it is like the blotting out of the covenant of mercy between God and man. I have hitherto had to speak against Catholic superstitions—but, alas! the name of Protestantism, what is it? All is as bad here, or worse than in Popish towns, with a criminality infinitely deeper.

Monday, July 14.—At Mentz, where we spent some hours on Saturday, we observed a visible decay in the cathedral; it was nearly burnt down in the revolution; the riches plundered, the marks of the bombs apparent in many parts. Indeed, generally we remark, that popery, though still so formidable in many respects, is on the decline here as to its power, wealth, tyranny, and influence. Perhaps all is preparing for the revival and pre-

valence of pure Christianity once more. The city of Mentz is a fine one, with astonishing fortifications; but the churches were spoilt by the French, and the marks of the shells during the siege remain. We were in the same room at the Three Crowns, as the Duke of Wellington and all our Princes were, in passing through the town. It has thirty thousand inhabitants, and a fine bridge of boats over the Rhine.

Franckfort on the Maine, 522 miles from Calais, Monday Evening.—We arrived here to-day at one o'clock. This is a free city, with its own domain, burgomaster, senate, and laws,—fifty thousand souls; perhaps the first commercial city in Germany; fine wide streets; large and noble private and public buildings all about; every appearance of wealth and prosperity. It is also a Protestant city; at least three-fourths of the inhabitants are Protestants. It has seven thousand Jews, and many of them very opulent. The French Protestant Minister is a delightful man—pious, discreet, amiable, well-informed. He has been

with us several hours this afternoon. There is here a Bible Society, and a Jews' Conversion Society. In the public library is a copy of the first edition of the Bible, printed upon parchment, in 1462, by Faustus. There are no foreign troops. I should tell you, that at Mentz there are seven thousand troops, half Prussian and half Austrian; whilst the poor Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, to whom the town belongs, has only one hundred men to keep the police. Franckfort is $50^{\circ} 7' 22''$ North Latitude, and $8^{\circ} 30'$ East Longitude. I learn here some particulars of the conversion of the Catholic priest; he lived near Pforzheim; he became a true Christian by reading the Scriptures. He then began to "preach Christ crucified." The lord of the village and forty-four families, containing between two hundred and three hundred souls, became awakened by God's mercy. The priest was summoned before his superiors for preaching against the Popish ceremonies. At length he and all his flock publicly renounced the church of Rome. The Duke of Baden heard of him,

and went to one of his sermons. He was so much affected that he declared he had seldom heard so edifying a discourse. He invited the priest to Carlsruh. There is another priest, I am told, near Valenciennes, who has followed the same course. May God multiply the number, and a second reformation will soon begin.

Heppenheim, between Darmstadt and Heidelberg, Wednesday Evening, July 16.—I had much conversation with my friend the French minister, before we left Franckfort this morning. I was also introduced to one of the senators, an excellent man, president of the Bible Society. A human philosophy applied rashly and presumptuously to religion is the poison of German divinity among the Protestants;—endless refinements, imaginations, corruptions of the faith, tending to scepticism or atheism. Things are mending, but it is incredible what daring impieties are currently received. The first genius of their country, Goëthe, is an absolute idolater of what he calls *le beau*, in Christianity, in

Mahommedanism, in Infidelity, in every thing : thus unbelief stands more fatally opposed to the faith of Christ than even superstition. But to return to my narrative. We arrived safely at Darmstadt, the capital of the grand duchy of that name, at twelve to-day. I hastened to the house of Leander Van Ess, with whom I had been sometime in correspondence in England ; he had left the town in the morning early, to go to Cologne, and would not return for a week ! A greater disappointment I scarcely ever felt. I saw, however, the study of this excellent man ; I sat in his chair ; I visited his collection of Bibles ; I conversed with his secretary. Leander Van Ess was fifty-one the eighteenth of last month. He has left the University of Marburg, where he was professor, and lives under the Protestant Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt—I suppose for the sake of his personal safety. He has had a spitting of blood for four years, which prevents his preaching. He gives himself up to the propagation of the Gospel. He remains a Catholic priest. He has printed fourteen editions of his New

Testament; each was of an immense number of copies. He has circulated altogether four hundred and ninety-four thousand eight hundred and sixty, an incredible number. The desire for the Scriptures among the Catholics, priests as well as laity, is greater and greater. Sometimes he circulates seven thousand in a single month. Lately, a priest in one parish sent for two thousand New Testaments; the parish is in the Schwarzwald or Black Forest. The secretary presented me with his picture, and a copy of his New Testament. Oh, what a blessing is such a man! what cannot the grace of God do in the most corrupt church! how charitable should we be in our judgments of individuals! This admirable man, though he calls himself a Catholic, has the spirit of a Reformer. He dwells on nothing but the great and necessary truths of Christianity. There is a firmness and undauntedness in all he does which reminds one almost of Martin Luther. Let us pray that many, many such Catholic professors may be raised up in every part of the Continent—and “the traditions of men” will fall away of themselves.

I can hardly persuade myself to turn from this subject to say, that Darmstadt is a flourishing town; with all the marks of that activity and prosperity which, as at Franckfort, distinguish a Protestant from a Catholic population. We came on to Heppenheim, twenty miles (five hundred and sixty from Calais), this afternoon. The village is obscure, though populous. The country is pleasing. The peasants are without shoes and stockings. The men wear large hats like our English Dignitaries—what we call shovel-hats; the association in our minds is very humorous. But the stork-nests are most curious; these enormous birds are in almost every village; they build on the steeples of churches, or the top of a chimney, with a large nest like a basket, stretching over on all sides. They are never disturbed, much less killed. Ten years imprisonment is said to be the punishment for killing one of them. They are superstitiously revered. The people think the house will never be burnt where a stork builds. The stork feeds on insects, frogs, mice, &c. and never injures the corn. To see

these enormous birds, as tall as a man, strutting about on the top of a house, as if on stilts, is very strange to us.

Heidelberg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, Friday Morning, July 18.—We arrived here yesterday, at eleven o'clock. The town is beautifully situated on the Neckar, fifteen miles from Heppenheim. The chief attraction is the fine ruins of the castle, which Louis XIV. destroyed about one hundred and fifty years ago, in his ambitious war against the Palatinate. The remaining walls were also much injured by lightning sixty years back. It is still perhaps the most magnificent ruin in Germany. It is situated on the side of a lofty mountain; hanging woods ornament its base and its summit. Before it, the Neckar, the bridge, the town, the adjoining hill covered with vines, the distant Rhine, and the Vosges Mountains, are stretched as in perspective. The extreme steepness of the mountain on which it stands allows of those sudden turns of scenery in the gardens and pleasure-

grounds surrounding the castle, which nothing else can admit of. In short, the whole thing is the noblest of the kind we ever saw ; we spent five hours in admiring it. A venerable Professor of the University conducted us ; but the difficulty of finding a common language was extreme. We attempted a mixture of French, English, and Latin ; but at last Latin was our only language. It would have amused you to see my college friend and myself brushing up our old Latin, and adapting our pronunciation as well as we could to the German—and this after dinner—overcome with heat—and mounting up a tremendous hill. The University is open to Catholics and Protestants—six hundred and fifty members. It is the oldest University in Germany, having been founded in 1382. The Grand Duke is a Protestant ; and full liberty of worship is enjoyed. There is here a Bible Society ; and religion seems, on the whole, flourishing. It was in this place that Melancthon began his studies ; that Luther came on foot from Worms, and disputed with the Au-

gustins, in 1518; and that the famous Heidelberg Catechism was afterwards published. I confess my mind lingers on these scenes, where the noble army of Reformers laid the foundation of all the blessings we enjoy.

Manheim, Friday, July 18th.—This is a fine city, first founded in 1606, as a refuge for the persecuted Protestants. It was entirely destroyed by Louis XIV. in 1689; so that the present city is quite a new one of twenty thousand souls, half Protestants and half Catholics; the streets are regularly laid out in one hundred and twelve squares. It is situated on the confluence of the Rhine and the Neckar. The old palace of the Duke of Baden is very spacious, but dilapidated. It is eleven miles from Heidelberg. We slept last night at Schwetzingen, celebrated for a pleasure garden of the Duke of Baden, of one hundred and eighty acres, with French and English gardens, numerous fountains, jets-d'eau, cascades, basins, &c. Many statues of white marble adorned different edifices; the baths were most sumptuous; an

imitation of the ruins of a Roman aqueduct was curious; a jet-d'eau aux oiseaux was also singular, the basin being surrounded with a railing, on which were figures of all kinds of birds, each of which threw out a small jet-d'eau. But the most sumptuous building was a Turkish Mosque resembling that at Mecca, with a colonnade, cupola, two minarets or towers, rooms for the priest, &c. Every part has inscriptions from the Koran, with translations in German; the whole must have cost an immense sum. Feasts are celebrated here; when persons representing muftis and sultanas congratulate the Duke! Notwithstanding this magnificence, the approach from the village is shabby, from the utter neglect of cleanliness in the court of the Château itself, by which you enter; grass grows on the pavements, and the Château is much dilapidated. Indeed, the unseemly union of finery and untidiness marks these foreign palaces. The palace at Manheim is larger than any English one, but almost in ruins from inattention: they aim here at more than they can support.

Carlsruhe, Saturday, July 19.—We arrived here to-day, after a journey of thirty-one miles. We are now six hundred and twenty-four from Calais. The cross-road in some places was shocking. This is a beautiful town, which has sprung up about the ducal palace of Baden, around which all the streets unite like rays of the sun. The weather is fine, and sometimes rather cold; the roads generally excellent; the inns vary; some have very comfortable beds, others hard ones, and swarming with inhabitants. The diet is strange to us and rather unfavourable; the bread often sour, and the meat tough and dry. Thank God, we are all well. Even my dearest Ann travels remarkably well. Pray for us!

Your affectionate

D. W.

LETTER V.

*Carlsruh, July 20th, 1823,
Sunday Afternoon.*

THIS is the fifth silent Sunday, my dearest sister, which we have spent since we left England. The town is chiefly Protestant, but German is the only language. I went this morning and spoke to the Lutheran minister after church, but it was with the utmost difficulty we could understand each other, as he spoke neither French nor Latin; the church was well attended, and is a most beautiful edifice, built by the Grand Duke of Baden, and is some evidence, I hope, of the regard paid to religion here. I could neither understand the prayers nor the sermon. Oh that I knew German! The Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches, on the Continent, after three centuries of

division, have at length begun to unite ; I hope this is another token for good. I learn here, that the name of the converted priest whom I have mentioned to you before is Henhöfer, and the place where he now lives, Graben, near this town ; his former abode was Muhlhausen. We observe that the Catholic churches, in Protestant towns, are far more simple, and less superstitious, than in other places. Here, and at Franckfort, there are scarcely any altars or images ;—in fact, the Catholic Church here is less ornamented than the Lutheran : but I see more and more that the main blessing wanted in every place is the gift of the Holy Spirit of God. I am sure we have little idea in England of the state of things abroad. We amazingly overstate the comparative amount of good effected by our Societies ;—the world is still “ dead in trespasses and sins,”—vast tracts of barren Protestantism, or untilled and fruitless Popery, stretch all around us.—O, for that heavenly dew which only can soften, penetrate, and sanctify the soil!—the value of our reli-

gious advantages in England is more than ever impressed on my mind. Oh, a Sunday at home, what a blessing! The importance also of the Holy Scriptures (and of the Bible Society), and of dwelling on the plain, practical, necessary truths of the Gospel, strikes me in a most forcible manner. Adieu!

Rastadt, 17 miles from Carlsruh, Monday, July 21, eleven o'clock.—We have just arrived here for our morning stage. The heat has been intense; 20 degrees, I should think, higher than on Saturday. Carlsruh, which we have just left, is a neat, beautiful town of fourteen thousand souls. From the palace, as a centre, thirty-two lines are drawn on all sides; half of these are walks in the forest, and gardens behind it; and the other half streets, composing the town; so that from the tower of the palace you command the whole circle. Dukes here do as they please; towns must be built as objects: but I prefer our English freedom, though our towns are somewhat irregular.

Rastadt, where we dine, is a town of three thousand souls, on the river Murg, celebrated for the Congress of 1797;—the French envoys were murdered here in that year. There is a château built by a Margrave of Luneburg. We saw there a most interesting portrait of Melancthon; and a large engraved head of the first William Pitt in 1766. The people in this part of the duchy are poor;—no manufactures;—no public spirit; in other words, little liberty. The duke takes more care of his palace than of his people. The duchess-dowager is an adopted child, or a niece, of Bonaparte. Presents from Bonaparte abound in the palace; especially, we noticed a tea-service of superb china, with coffee-urn, &c. of solid gold. The dress of the peasants here is the same, except that the women wear amazingly large straw bonnets, flapping down before and behind;—children of four years old, and women reaping, have these enormous umbrella bonnets. The houses here have two or three jutting shades or roofs over each row of windows, built of tiles, and having a very singular appearance.

Ulm, thirteen miles from Rastadt, Monday Evening.—This is a small village on our way to Kehl. The thermometer, at six this afternoon, was 83° in the shade; on Saturday, it was 55° or thereabouts; for we were glad to put on cloaks and great-coats. We have come thirty miles to-day, and travelled seven hours. Ulm is a mile from the Rhine, $48^{\circ} 43'$ North latitude; $7^{\circ} 45'$ East longitude. The Black Forest stretches like an amphitheatre behind us, from Heidelberg to Basle. The country is flat, and without vines; but fruitful in corn and fruits, and especially tobacco.

Kehl, on the Rhine, Tuesday Evening, July 22d.—We came here this morning, seventeen miles, in order to pass the Rhine, and visit Strasburg. We did not take the carriages, because of duties, searchings, &c. on entering France. We spent about six hours there. It is a city of fifty or sixty thousand souls, half Protestants and half Catholics. It is now under the dominion, and indeed is a part, of France. The fortifications have been newly increased

and strengthened. It was the Argentoratum of the Romans, and abounds with Roman antiquities; for instance, we saw a mile-stone of the Emperor Trajan, who lived in the first century. The Cathedral is one of the very finest in Christendom; it was founded in 510. The tower is six hundred feet, eight feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome; it is remarkable for the open stone-work, rising even to the top. As you ascend, one-half of what, in other towers, is walls, is here open-work, with single iron cross-bars; the ascent is rather fearful; but the view of the Rhine, of the Ill, and the Brensch (which here fall into it), of the city, and all the surrounding country, is most beautiful. The day was very wet, so that we could not reach the extreme summit. The entrances of the Cathedral are particularly fine, from the excellent preservation of the rich stone-work with which they are adorned; the figures ornamenting in groups every part are still perfect, and have a striking effect:—in short, we could not satisfy ourselves in beholding this monument of the

arts. We visited St. Thomas's, a noble Protestant church, fine, simple, majestic. A monument in white marble, to the memory of Marshal Saxe, adorns one end of the nave. We saw two bodies of the families of the Counts of Nassau, preserved many centuries, and placed in coffins with glass at the top; one female, one man; each in full dress, the woman most gaily attired; the rings of pearl, too large for the withered fingers; the face all in powder, falling on the bones of the skull; the whole an affecting lesson of human vanity. There are ten other churches in the city. We visited the Royal Palace, the Cabinet of Natural History, the Museum, and the Library. This last pleased me most of all—one hundred and fifty thousand volumes; MSS. of the New Testament, and of the Classics, of the ninth and tenth centuries; early editions, &c. What most gratified me was a collection of MS. Letters of Luther, Melancthon, and the other Reformers. I could not but gaze with veneration on the very hand-writing of these holy men, into whose labours we have entered. The hand-writing

of our Queen Elizabeth was not half so interesting to me. In the same library we saw with pleasure forty-three volumes of Bibles, presented by the British and Foreign Bible Society; great care was apparently taken of them. I called afterwards on the Secretary of the Bible Society here, to try to encourage him a little in that blessed work, the importance of which strikes me more and more, as I observe every where the fatal effects of the neglect of the Scriptures. The University of Strasburg contains thirty professors, and nine hundred students,—Catholics and Protestants. This union throughout the parts of Germany we have visited, is one of which I should like to know the real tendency; when I ask, I am uniformly told, that no jealousy, no debates follow, between the professors and students; but moderation and peace, though without intimacy. It seems an extraordinary thing how modest and reasonable, comparatively speaking, popery can become when stripped of its temporal power and divested of a spirit of party. Our host to-night has given us a melancholy account of this

village, Kehl. It is on this side of the Rhine, as Strasburg is on the other; three times it was burnt down in the last war; there were formerly two thousand inhabitants, there are now six hundred. It was regularly pillaged whenever the armies passed. O, what a blessing is peace and England! Commerce is not active here; the people say, the taxes overburden them at home, and the English undersell them abroad.

Wednesday Morning.—We were awake this morning at five with the noise of cannon. The whole house shook:—it was only the soldiers exercising—but it was frightful.

Emendingen, 33 miles from Kehl, Wednesday Evening, July 23.—We have had a delightful drive to-day, through nineteen towns and villages, near the Rhine still, though not within sight of it. In some places the prospect was magnificent; the loftiest mountains in varied outline before us, and a sweet fore-ground of villages, spires, and woods. Occasionally we have vineyards, but hemp and hops abound.

The houses are sometimes painted in front with various devices of flowers, balustrades, and other ornaments. The signs at the inns are of cut or cast iron figures, with gilded ornaments. Some of the women wear long hair plaited, reaching behind almost to the feet, or else two long ribbons in a similar way. As we enter the villages, sometimes a whole band of peasants take off their hats and salute us, with the utmost complaisance. The town we are now at is just below an immense mountain, the Candelberg, three thousand nine hundred and three feet high, with the Vosges on the right, which divide Baden from France. The Rhine is seven leagues off. The cultivation here is not well managed; there are no hedges; and patches of corn, hemp, hops, potatoes, vines, seem all intermixed in one spot. It would be amusing to you to see our cavalcade as we go on. We are nine in all, in two landaulets; Mrs. W., my little daughter Eliza, and myself, in one, and the servant on the box with the coachman; our friend and fellow-traveller with my two sons in the other. My boys change

about with me from time to time. We have three horses in one carriage, and two in the other. Our chief coachman is of the Pays de Vaud; a civil, obliging, sensible, clever man, thoroughly acquainted with his business. He talks French, German, and Italian. We pay him forty-eight francs (about two pounds) a day when he works, and twenty-four francs when we rest. We generally rise in the morning at five and start at seven, and go a stage of four or five hours, sixteen or eighteen miles; dine at twelve, or half-past, staying three hours, and then take our second stage of four or five hours, till seven or eight; then we drink tea or sup, as we like, and retire to our rooms at nine. We generally find one person in the inn who speaks a kind of French, and then all goes on smoothly; but sometimes you would laugh at the figure we all make in a German inn, without a soul to understand us: I, with my dictionary, endeavouring to recall my old forgotten German, as well as I can; till at last, Mrs. W., our friend, the boys, the innkeeper, the chamber-maids, and the coachman, are all

in the bed-room together, before we can make out what we want. Then the kind of beds we meet with—sometimes not a blanket in the house; sometimes an unpleasant odour pervading the chambers; often floors grimed with dirt, no curtains, no window-shutters, no carpets; small, hard, narrow beds, on an inclined plane, so that we have to manœuvre almost all night to keep ourselves from rolling out. But our greatest annoyance is the food, loaded with sauce and grease; meagre meat, without nourishment; fowls like pigeons: we had some yesterday, with a sort of custard sauce. I really believe our health singly and simply suffers from want of good, substantial, plain diet. I give orders myself for mutton chops without butter, gravy, sauce, pepper, &c.; they bring up veal cutlets as hard as a board. At Franckfort, however, we really met with excellent meat. We hope soon now to be at Bern, fixed for a time; and then my first care will be to get good food for my dear family, who are really wonderfully well, considering we have now come seven hundred and

eleven miles, and travelled near six weeks. The roads now are very smooth, and without pavé.

Hoellenthal, or the Infernal Valley, between Freyburg and Neustadt, Thursday Night, July 24.—We set off this morning, from Emendingen, and came eight miles to Freyburg, a town of eleven thousand souls, on the entrance of the Black Forest. We were much delighted with the Cathedral, which, though smaller than than that of Strasburg, is more beautiful. The open-work of the tower is really surprising; I observed, as we mounted its five hundred and thirteen steps, that five open spaces in the walls occurred for every closed part; the tower being supported by these closed parts, and the stone staircase which runs up within it. It is just as if the Monument in London were built, not with closed walls, but with five-sixths of them in open-work; it really is quite incredible. After dining, at half-past twelve, we came, in five hours, fifteen miles, to this valley, from which

I am writing. We were not prepared to expect any thing beyond a common drive; but the extraordinary magnificence of the scenery was such as to dispute with the finest parts of the Rhine. For ten or twelve miles the road followed the windings of a lovely stream, the Treisam, through a valley adorned on each side with craggy mountains of stupendous height; on the sides of which, the hanging woods of dark fir were beyond measure grand and sublime. The views on the Rhine had indeed more of softness joined with grandeur; the noble river and vineyards, especially, were peculiar to them; but the scenes to-day had something more of wild and rude nature in her most majestic forms. Our hotel to-night is a deduction from the varied pleasures of the day: we are crowded into a close, low, miserable bedroom, where we had to eat our supper. The tea-urn was a common open sauce-pan; in fact, the inn is the end of a large building like a barn, and the rooms are so low, we can hardly stand upright in them; all is a contrast to the beautiful scene stretched before our view by

the hand of Nature. The houses here are curious: a large roof stretches beyond the walls, on all hands, ten or twelve feet; under this projecting roof a gallery runs along on the outside of the first story, and sometimes a second gallery at the second story. The rooms are so allotted as to provide stable, wood-house, carpenter's shop, &c. &c. under the same roof. The houses are entirely of wood, which exudes a gum with which they are stained; the galleries are for entrance when the winter snow blocks up the ground floor. The women now begin to appear in stockings, but these are of a deep red; they have no gowns, but their under-dress is tucked up like a pudding-sleeve gown, short round the arm; they wear large hats of an immense circumference, with the rims stretched out in an immovable circle. All is German still; so that I can get at no moral or religious information. We had our coachman up into the bed-room this afternoon, as our interpreter.

Friday Morning.—Our meeting this morn-

ing at breakfast was most curious. My friend reported that he had been thrust into a miserable hole of a room, into which people were continually entering—his bed intolerable—scarcely any sleep. My boys were almost suffocated, and had little rest. Ann and I had beds with double inclined planes and ridges. Eliza's account was the most satisfactory; she did not know how she passed the night, for she had not awoke once. In the mean time, the servant girls were clearing out the boys' room, to get the breakfast ready for us.—We started between seven and eight, and came eight miles to Neustadt, where I am now writing, a small town on the Black Forest. A tremendous hill, called Hoellensteig, or the Infernal Hill, led to a more open country, on the bosom of which cottages were sprinkled, with here and there a chapel entirely of wood, about four yards square; we entered one—the cross, an altar, and rude offerings, were within. This Black Forest covers fifty leagues of country; it was the cradle of those formidable Germans who annihilated the Roman Empire. Sixteen thou-

sand souls live in it, in insulated cabins; these cabins have long roofs covering the galleries, and reaching down to the earth behind the dwelling-house; the barn is over the house; the whole is built of beams crossed and tied together, without bricklayer's work; the ceilings of the rooms are wainscot, and they use slips of fir for candles: they trade in wood-work, which finds its way even to America.

Donaueschingen, 21 miles from Hoellensteig, 13 from Neustadt, Friday Night.—This is a small town, consisting of eighteen hundred souls, at the extremity of the Duchy of Baden. It is beautifully situated on elevated ground. The river Danube, whose course of seven hundred miles flows through so many different countries, till it empties itself in the Black Sea, rises here. Some of its springs are in the court-yard of the Château, in an inclosed basin of thirty feet square; whence a rivulet flows, which joins the Brigach and the Breg (two far more considerable streams), and is called the Danube. We jumped over it with ease. From

what obscure causes do the mightiest effects flow ! A river celebrated throughout the world, and rolling by some of the noblest cities, is here feeble and inconsiderable ! It is thus the current of evil from the heart of a single individual, small at first, sometimes swells as it flows till distant regions are desolated with its waves. The sources of the widest blessings to mankind have also their first rise in small and unnoticed beginnings. Nay, the first bursting forth of that "well of water which springeth up into everlasting life" is small and inconsiderable. It is an instructive consideration, that we have now pursued the Rhine three hundred and fifty miles in its majestic and fruitful stream, and have visited the Danube in its first feeble and unperceived struggles. Thus two of the noblest and most celebrated rivers in Europe are associated in our minds in their origin or their progress, and will be connected with the numerous events of ancient and modern history, which our reading may furnish. We have now left the Black Forest, the mountains, the cabins, and all the magical

scene. Our inn to-night is excellent. Mr. Can-ning was here two years ago. Our host seemed never satisfied in telling us of the dignity of his manner, the acuteness of his questions, and above all, the correctness of his French. Our friend slept in the same room which this distinguished statesman occupied. Adieu.

Schaffhausen, 778 miles from Calais, Saturday Evening, July 26.—Thank God we have entered SWITZERLAND, in health and peace, and surrounded with mercies! The road from Donaueschingen, twenty-two miles, is extremely beautiful; rich valleys crowned with verdure, mountains rising in noble boldness on each side, the road winding with continual change of scenery, brought us to the first of the Swiss Cantons. As we passed the Baden frontier, the improvement in the agriculture, and general appearance of the villages, was striking. Hedges, well-cultivated fields, neat farms, met our eyes for the first time since we left England; every spot of land is now employed to the best purpose, and with neatness and clever-

ness. We entered this land of freedom about three o'clock. Schaffhausen contains about seven thousand souls ; many of the fronts of the houses are covered from the top to the bottom with the devices I have before mentioned. Several statues of Swiss heroes adorn the public places. We had an introduction to a Professor of Theology, who is an example of primitive kindness. Soon after our arrival, we took a cabriolet, and drove three miles, to see the celebrated Fall of the Rhine. The road leading to it is exquisite ; vineyards stretch over all the sides of the mountains ; and the country is open, and variegated.—The road leads along by the Rhine, which is here of a deep green colour. I am not sure if I was not a little disappointed at the first coup-d'œil of the Fall itself. My imagination had been heated by descriptions, and I thought the depth would have been greater. But as soon as I had had time to recover myself, and recollect how much the width of the river would take away from the apparent depth of the fall, I was better pre-

pared to view the wonderful sight. It is truly astonishing. A multitude of rocks first impede the flow of the river; through these it makes its way, till, having overcome them all, it rushes down about eighty feet, with an impetuosity, a rage, a boiling foam, which literally darken the air, and create a constant mist and shower. The body of water which falls, and the fury, the incredible fury, of the descent, make this a wonder of nature. Immediately above the fall four immense, ragged, overhanging rocks stretch at considerable intervals quite across the flood. These divide the torrent for a moment into five parts, without lessening its fury. Ages back they doubtless formed a complete barrier which the stream had to surmount, and which made the depth of the fall double what it is at present. There are many falls in Switzerland more picturesque, but none so terribly majestic as this. It impresses quite an awful conviction of the power of God, and how soon all nature would be dissolved, if he were to permit. We observed the Fall first, from a

gallery overhanging the side of it, and watered with its dashing stream; then in a boat from the middle of the river; next, from a window of a house on the opposite side; lastly, from a summer-house commanding the height of the river just before its fall. We had likewise the pleasure of seeing it in a camera obscura. It added greatly to the delight of this excursion, that my dear Mrs. W. was well enough to accompany us; indeed, the real beauties of our tour have lain open to her inspection as much as if she had been ever so strong. It is chiefly the interior of buildings, which she has been unable to visit.

Sunday, July 27.—"My soul is athirst for God, yea, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before the presence of God?" Such is my feeling, on this my sixth Sunday. I have been to the Protestant German service (all the Canton is Protestant); a venerable clergyman, seventy or eighty years of age, preached. I would have given any thing to

have understood him; his manner was so earnest, so impressive, so affectionate, so impassioned; his voice majestic, and yet sweet. He reminded us of what we supposed Mr. Whitfield might have been. The service began with singing (which was vociferation rather than singing); then a prayer by the minister, who came from the gallery into a sort of tribune opening from it; after this a sermon and prayer; singing concluded. The service began at eight in the morning. During the sermon, two officers were going round collecting money, in bags hung at the end of long poles. There was a large congregation, and all seemed very attentive. After breakfast, we had our English Liturgy, and a sermon. At twelve, we went to the catechizing at the Cathedral: it was very pleasing, to see a hundred or two children seated in order; whilst a Minister heard them a portion of the Heidelberg Catechism, one of the most excellent of all the Protestant formularies. After the children had answered, the Minister began to put questions

to one child ; and then, apparently, to explain the portion to the whole body of children—I was delighted—but it is late, and I must wish you adieu for to-night.

I am yours affectionately,

D. W.

LETTER VI.

Zurich, 47° 22' N. Lat. 8° 32' E. Long.

Monday Evening, July 28th, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

BEFORE I quit the subject of Schaffhausen, I must tell you, that this morning we saw a curious model of the bridge over the Rhine here, burnt by the French in 1799. It was built by a common carpenter, with only one pier, over a space of three hundred and sixty-four feet, all of wood; the pathway being suspended under, not placed over the arches, so that it quivered with the slightest movement of a passenger. I may as well mention also, that some new customs struck us during our stay there. We saw a funeral, where the procession consisted of several hundred persons: every friend of a deceased person attending in a mourning robe. The churches are noble,

majestic buildings, but are absolutely devoid of ornament, having been stripped to the bare walls. I prefer the wisdom and moderation of our English Reformers in this, as well as other respects. The Protestants here are Calvinists, not Lutherans. All the children of the Canton, containing thirty-two thousand souls, are obliged to attend and learn their catechism. There are thirty or forty clergymen. The Catholic Pilgrims who visit Einsiedeln and other celebrated places of pilgrimage walk hand in hand, with bouquets in their hats, singing as they pass the streets: on Saturday thirty-two passed in this way through the town. They keep unusually good time; beginning the day at three, dining at twelve, and shutting up their shops at seven; and their clocks are an hour and ten minutes faster than those at Paris. Every youth who chooses is a soldier to defend the state. We saw a number of boys exercising this morning—So far as to the customs of the place. Its moral and religious state I endeavoured to ascertain from the Professor. The Protestant Cantons are very strict

and firm in their peculiarities, more so than I have hitherto observed in other parts. The magistrates and laws also exercise a salutary influence over public morals; but I fear much, whether spiritual religion, with its holy fruits, abounds. The Sacraments are, however, well attended; in a town of seven thousand souls, there are four or five hundred communicants, at two or three churches; one thousand five hundred or two thousand in all; communicating once or twice a year. Still I fear that all this is too much of a mere form, and that the chilling theology of Germany has infected the Canton. May God raise up a new spirit of faith and love among them! I did all I could to make the Professor understand our views of religion in England.

We left Schaffhausen at eight this morning, for Zurich, twenty-five miles. On our road, we stopped again at the fall of the Rhine, and once more admired its unequalled terrors. The Rhine is a continued flood—a torrent, from the dissolved snows, where it springs, till it loses itself in Holland, after a course of eight

hundred miles—so that a vessel going down the stream shoots like an arrow. The width of the Fall is four hundred and fifty feet; the least depth sixty feet, the greatest eighty. It differs from the Niagara in two respects; in volume of water it is inferior, in majesty it surpasses it. The Niagara is two thousand seven hundred feet wide, and one hundred and fifty-six feet high; but it merely turns suddenly down the Fall in a continued stream, as from a lock; whereas the Rhine, with unparalleled fury, dashes from rock to rock till the spray and foam obscure the view *. At Eglisau, a lovely village on our way, where we dined, we saw, for the first time, a covered bridge, erected in 1811, over the Rhine (the French having burnt the former one); you walk over amidst rafters and beams, windows on each side opening upon the river. It is entirely covered at top with a roof, and enclosed on the sides, so that you are, as it were, in a house; whilst the rafters, &c. make you think it is the roof of a

* Simond Voyage en Suisse, p. 91, 92.

church. These covered bridges abound in Switzerland. As we approached Zurich, we caught a first view of the distant Alps, about Zug and Schwitz. The hills first in view were shaded by the afternoon sun; over these, brilliant volumes of clouds were discernible; and from amidst the clouds, the peaks of the Alps, which were easily distinguished by their defined outlines, sharp summits, and bright whiteness from the eternal snows with which they are covered. We entered Zurich, the capital of the Canton, about five o'clock. I could not but feel sensibly affected. This is the first town in Switzerland that separated from the church of Rome three centuries back—it was the favourite asylum of our English Reformers during the vacillating and tyrannical reign of Henry the Eighth, and the bloody persecution of Queen Mary. It is supposed to have been the place where our great Cranmer, soon after he had been raised to the Primacy, caused the first complete edition of the English Bible, Miles Coverdale's, to be printed, about the year 1530. The town contains eleven thousand

souls ; the Canton one hundred and eighty-two thousand ; nearly all Protestant. The beauty of the country accords with its reputation. We are at the Inn called L'Epée. Imagine a room fifty feet by thirty, of which two sides are a continued window, overhanging the broad deep-blue torrent of the Limnath, which, rushing like an arrow from the lake of Zurich, seems hurrying to pour itself into the Rhine. The wooden bridge which leads across it is immediately before me, and is wide enough for the market, which is just now in amusing confusion, and presents a most characteristic scene of Swiss costume and manners. The noble churches, quays, and public buildings on the other side of the river diversify the prospect. In the distance on my right a second bridge appears, with a tower built in the midst of the torrent for state-prisoners—whilst still further on, my eye is lost in following the beautiful lake itself, till I discern at length the Alps rearing their majestic heads beyond it in the utmost horizon.—Such is the room where I am writing this letter ; I suppose it is one of the most beautiful in the

world. It is curious, that in order to reach this splendid chamber you have to defile through stables, voitures, horsemen, voituriers, ostlers, post-boys, and smells of all kinds, by a dark, narrow passage; for the entire ground floors of the Swiss inns are occupied by this sort of miseries; I suppose on account of the frequent inundations from melted snow, or overflowing rivers. Last night we ascended a bastion, near the town, and beheld the magnificent scene of the range of Alps illuminated, or rather gilded, by the setting sun; it was, really, as if all the snows were suddenly set on a blaze, the fiery meteor was so bright and so extensive. As the sun further declined, the magic scene lost its enchantment. It is singular, that this is the first night this summer that the Alps have been thus visible. My friend travelled four years ago in Switzerland, and never saw any thing like it. Indeed, we have been favoured all our journey. The weather has been unusually cool, with the exception of a day or two, and we are all now in comfortable health. O for the additional

blessing of a thankful, humble, holy, teachable heart, to see God in every thing, to love God because of every thing, and to be led up towards him by every thing! I should just mention, that on our road to Zurich we crossed a part of Baden, when the same appearance of negligence and misery returned which I before noticed. As soon as we regained the Swiss territory all was again neat, convenient, industrious, and happy: such is the difference between civil and religious freedom, and a more arbitrary government!

Zurich, Tuesday, July 29.—I have been introduced, to-day, to the venerable Antistes Hess, the ecclesiastical head of the Canton: he is eighty-two years old, a venerable, pious, holy man, on the verge of heaven; with a heart full of love to the Saviour, and to the souls of men. I took my three children to him, that he might bless them. The Antistes spoke to me much of Mr. Wilberforce, whose book he had read with delight: he begged me to convey to him his Christian regards: it was

delightful to me to see this aged disciple. He is one of the persons whom I was most anxious to know. I met at his house an old magistrate of this place, who commended to me the cause of Switzerland, and begged of me again and again to represent to my countrymen the state of his Canton; pressing on me that Switzerland had been the cradle of the Reformation. We visited, with much pleasure, the City Library, abounding in original unpublished Letters of our Reformers. The history of that interesting period, after all Burnet has done, might, undoubtedly, be much enriched from these stores. We saw three Letters of Lady Jane Gray, written to Bullinger, in 1551. She was beheaded in 1554, at the age of nineteen. The Epistles of St. Paul in Greek, transcribed entire in the hand of Zuinglius in 1517, just as he began the Swiss Reformation, were most interesting to me, not only as an ancient manuscript, but as tracing the Reformation to its true source, a deep study of the New Testament. The truly pious and holy Antistes lives in the same house where this great Reformer dwelt,

in the garden of which is a room literally filled with unpublished archives of the Reformation. The honour in which Zuingli is held here is remarkable*. I observe, that God has often brought about the greatest works of mercy by some one individual in a town or country, raised up by his Spirit, embued with the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and armed with zeal, fortitude, wisdom, and love. Zuingli at Zurich, Oecolampadius at Basle, Bucer at Strasburg, Calvin and Beza in France and Genève, Luther in Germany, Cranmer in England. Oh that men of a like spirit may be raised up again! Oh that Divines and Professors would study and transcribe St. Paul's Epistles! Soon would Protestantism revive, and Popery fade away before it! It is known that our English Reformer, Ridley, committed to memory early in life almost all St. Paul's Epistles, as well as those called Catholic; the benefit derived from which he acknowledged with gratitude, just before his martyrdom. In the afternoon we took a sail on the Lake, delicious beyond description. The evening however was not so favourable for

* See note at the end of this Letter.

viewing the setting sun, as last night. I am quite grieved to say, that my impression of the present state of real religion in this Canton is not so favourable as its former celebrity would lead one to expect—four or five hundred only at church (at St. Peter's), out of five thousand parishioners, for forty-eight Sundays in the year; and two thousand five hundred for the four remaining Sundays, the sacrament days, which seem almost superstitiously revered—the clergy of the town meeting the magistrates and gentlemen at a club, once a week, to smoke and talk politics: these are not promising symptoms. O how different a thing is real spirituality of heart from the name of religion, whether reformed or catholic*!

Zurich, July 30, Wednesday.—My dearest Anne accompanied me to-day to the benevolent

* I was quite distressed that Mr. Gessner, the son-in-law of Lavater, was not in Zurich during my stay there. The superior talents and eminent piety of this excellent minister made me exceedingly regret that I was unable to see him. He forms a bright exception to the melancholy statement in the text. I trust there are many others.

and pious Antistes. His amiable and truly Christian temper appears in all he does and says. When he took leave of my wife, he presented her with one of his smaller works, and prayed that peace and grace might be with her, and that her sons and her daughter might be her comfort and support. He then added, "We shall never meet again in this world, but we shall meet in another, to be with Jesus: that is our proper country; there is peace, holiness, and joy." The institution for the blind in this city, and that for orphans, much interested us. It was affecting to see the blind write, and do sums in arithmetic, by letters and figures impressed on the paper with an iron pen; so that they knew them by the touch. The singing of the orphan children was very beautiful. I called on the bookseller of the Bible Society: that noble institution, though less flourishing now, has accomplished much good, considering the limited resources of a single canton. We visited the arsenal, and several other objects of curiosity. The people marry very young in Zurich, and are betrothed yet earlier. The taxes are very light: their largest bookseller

pays four Napoleons a year (3*l.* 3*s.*) for every thing*. The tomb of Lavater in St. Peter's church much affected me; he was mortally wounded by the hand of a common soldier during Massena's invasion.

Aarau, Thursday Night, July 31.—We left Zurich with regret this morning, and came twenty-eight miles to this town, the capital of the Canton of Argovie. It has three thousand inhabitants, chiefly reformed. It stands pleasantly on the Aar, which flows into the Rhine. We were surprised to find that the same church is used here for Catholics and Protestants: we entered it; there were no superstitious ornaments. The Protestants meet at eight, the Catholics at half-past nine, on the Sunday. We dined at Bade, where there is a most beautiful village on the banks of the Limmath. At the

* There are several print-sellers here who have most extensive and beautiful collections of Swiss engravings. I bought what are called the One hundred views, and also the Fifty views. I gave thirty or forty shillings for the two sets. I may as well add that the duty on coloured prints at Dover is fallen from two shillings each to two-pence.

table-d'hôte I met two strangers from Basle. After a good deal of conversation, the lady turned out to be a friend of an English clergyman of my acquaintance, and begged me most earnestly to remember her to him, and to assure him that she had not forgotten his advice, but read every Sunday one of the sermons he gave her: it was delightful to me thus to trace some fruit of the seed sown by my dear friend. We meet many English now at every town. Dr. — was at Zurich, and Mr. — is here; both of Oxford, and distinguished persons as scholars.

Basle, 26 Miles from Aarau, Friday Evening, August 1.—We have had a charming ride to-day; the road from Aarau to Stein (a lovely village on the Rhine) lay through a noble picturesque country. Some of the villages were more characteristic than any we have yet seen. From Stein the road ran by the Rhine; and when we had come within nine miles of Basle, we sent on the carriages and came down, or rather were flooded down, the Rhine, in a boat; the stream carried us the nine miles in

an hour and a quarter—a rather hazardous voyage, as our friends at Basle told us. Basle is a very ancient city, situated at the angle where the Rhine turns northward for Germany. It contains sixteen thousand souls, almost all Protestants. The same liberty prevails here as at Zurich, and the same habits. Bread is three half-pence the pound—meat, two-pence three farthings the pound—wages, two shillings a day. There are eight churches. Mr. Blumhardt, of the Missionary Institution, called upon me this morning—a most devout, delightful man. O, the refreshment to the mind, to meet with a Christian brother in a foreign land, whom one can understand; for Mr. B. speaks French and English well. Travelling from Canton to Canton, it is curious to see the changes in the villages—some Popish, some Protestant: the latter are always the more comfortable, neat, industrious; but they all seem to live together in peace; and a reasonable liberty appears equally dear to all. The dress of the women varies in each Canton: the hair of the Zurich women is neatly combed and parted: they have no gowns, but their

underdress expands over the shoulders, something like a surplice ; they have a stomacher of cloth, with braids of scarlet crosswise ; their petticoats are undoubtedly short, but are very wide and ample : they are of a strong fine race, compared with the French and German women. I have before mentioned the cottages with the advancing roof shelving to the ground ; at Aarau, yesterday, we found the lofty houses, all along the main streets, with these jutting roofs, only not shelving to the ground ; each house has its own roof advancing perhaps ten or twelve feet ; so that we walked under them during the rain quite defended ; the roofs differ in height, shape, colour, &c. so as to make a most singular appearance. I believe I have not mentioned the German and Swiss stoves, with which almost every room is furnished ; these are sometimes of iron, of a moderate size ; but oftener of tiles, stone, or Chinaware, and then they are eight or ten feet square, standing on thick legs, which raise them a few inches from the ground, and reaching in a turret-form to the ceiling. The fire is placed in them from the

passage, through an opening in the partition wall of the room: there is no grate nor flame seen, but the warmth is produced by the whole mass of the tower being thoroughly heated; the China stoves are of green, blue, or yellow. The fountains also in this country are a curious object; every town and village, however small, has its fountain. The Catholic adorns his with saints, the Protestant with heroes: there is no such thing as water laid on to each house, as with us; all depends on the fountains, which are commonly large stone enclosures, from twenty to fifty feet round, with two, four, or six jets-d'eau, which fall so as to meet conveniently the tubs, &c. placed on the margin of the basin. Around these basins are collected women, washing garden-stuff or clothes, horses drinking, servants extending jugs, &c. At Stein we were at the singular hotel, looking full on the Rhine, of which M. Simond speaks in his *Voyage* with warm commendation. We showed the maître the pages in MS., which he had never seen: he was not a little astonished that his solitary house should be thus celebrated.

Perhaps one of the most singular persons we have seen since we have been abroad was a clergyman of one of the towns we have lately passed through; pompous, good-tempered, officious, confused; with a mixture of pride from his station and family, and of familiarity from an affected condescension towards others; the high priest, and yet the friendly, kind, obliging man; withal tedious, dawdling, never seeing the good sense of a thing, and having no tact in discovering the inconveniences which his conduct occasions; a worthy, bustling, unintelligible personage. But all this would have been nothing, if it were not that this same person is a divine, nay, *the* divine, the great man in theology, whose reputation spreads through the neighbourhood, who talks perpetually of the Reformation, and whose opinions gain credence. I really was quite nervous in his company: all I could do, I could get no one good sentiment out of him; he did nothing but talk to me of his church, his parish, his house, and four or five portraits of himself. A negative character is not enough for a minister of Jesus Christ, in a dying, guilty world.

Basle, Saturday Evening, August 2.—The Cathedral here interested us greatly this morning. It is one of the noblest Protestant churches of the Continent. It is built of a fine red stone; simple, yet majestic in its ornaments, with numerous aisles and monuments, and a remarkably curious cloister. The tombs of Erasmus, and of Œcolampadius (the Basle Reformer), much interested us. The town is neat, and seemingly full of business. The public library contains thirty-two thousand volumes, and manuscript letters of most of the Reformers. In the afternoon we spent two or three hours with the excellent Mr. B. The first foreign Bible Society was formed here in 1804, the very year when the original Institution began in London. At the third centenary of the Reformation, New Testaments were given from the altar of the Cathedral to all the children of the town—above two thousand were distributed. The Missionary Institution contains thirty-four students, and is about to be enlarged. The lecture-rooms and bed-rooms are simple and unadorned. The state of true religion is, on the whole, improving in Switzerland and some

parts of Germany. Truth, holiness, and unity increase, hundreds of Catholics receive Bibles and attend Protestant Churches. The Lutherans and Reformed have begun to unite in the common term Evangelical. The Antistes and most of the Clergy preach and live according to the Gospel. On the other hand, the Court of Rome threatens, the Pope is aroused; he thinks the Protestants have begun to propagate their views by Bible and Missionary Institutions; and he is determined to oppose them. The Jesuits are the Pope's household troops; they are spreading every where, and resisting, in the most open manner, every attempt at scriptural education. The Holy Alliance is thought to favour the Pope and the Jesuits, by acting on the idea that *all societies* are dangerous. In the meantime, the friends of the truth are active and humble, leaving events with God. Mr. B. was exceedingly struck with London when he visited it for the first time last year. He says it took him six months, on his return, to cool and collect his scattered and astonished ideas, and digest what he had observed. He thinks Paris is only a village compared with London.

He complained, however, of London fogs, London water, and London cookery—the fine mountain air, the Rhine, and the kitchen of Switzerland; these were what he wanted to complete his happiness—he scarcely once saw the sun the first six weeks he was in London. But he forgot all this in the intellectual and religious feasts in which he participated. I forgot to say, that we saw at the cathedral to-day the very hall where the Council of 1431—47 held its sittings; the self-same seats and other furniture remain: that Council was convoked to prevent the Reformation; but the scandal raised by the vices of the bishops, who composed it, had the effect of convincing men of its necessity, and of hastening it. It happened curiously, that on the very benches where the Pope's legate and the other members of the council had sat four centuries back, the trophies of the Reformation were placed, which had been displayed at the celebration of the third centenary of that great and blessed event.

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

P. S. Before I shut up my letter, I must add that, in the old Divinity School of the Cathedral, we saw a likeness of the celebrated Erasmus, scratched during lecture by an idle student on the common wooden desk which was before him. Three centuries have rendered this roguish trick a great curiosity. The lines are beginning to be faint; but the likeness is still strong. You will please however to observe, that Erasmus is not one of my prime favourites. He had talents, wit, and learning in abundance, but he wanted the heart of a Reformer.

Note referred to p. 101.

Zuingle, amongst all the noble body of Reformers, seems to have been one of the most complete characters. He was born Jan. 1st, 1487. He soon began to discover the truth of some of the chief doctrines of Scripture. He not only copied out the text of St. Paul's Epistles, as above related, but also committed them all to memory, and earnestly sought by prayer the teaching of the Holy Spirit; comparing Scripture with Scripture, and explaining the

obscure passages by the more clear. In 1518 he was elected by the Chapter to the office of preacher; and on Jan. 1, 1519, he delivered his first discourse in the Cathedral of Zurich before an immense auditory. His wisdom and penetration were so remarkable, and the influence he acquired over the Council and all the inhabitants of Zurich was so great, that he carried the Canton along with him in a firm but gradual profession of the Evangelical doctrines. It is remarkable, that he had laboured his way out of most of the errors of Popery, and had attained to the light of Reformed truth in Zurich, at the very time that Luther, without design or concert with him, had been carrying on the same holy work in Germany. In short, Zuingle is thought by some to have united the zeal of Luther with the mildness of Melancthon, and the decision of Martyr with Bucer's moderation. See a sketch of his life in *The Christian Guardian* for 1822, drawn from the best sources.

LETTER VII.

*Basle, about 963 miles from London,
Sunday, August 3, 1823.*

MY DEAREST SISTER,

WE are now closing our seventh absent Sunday; and have, for the first time, met with French service. We attended twice; at nine and at three: but really the sermons were so indifferent, or rather so unscriptural, that I was grieved at my very heart. I hope the strong impression I receive abroad of the blessed privilege of the Gospel in its simplicity, will never be effaced from my mind. What is Protestantism, without the truth on which it rests, and the Holy Spirit by whom alone that truth can be taught or blessed? My soul mourns over the desolations of the church, especially the French church; for the German churches

here are prosperous. The sixteen Lutheran ministers, with scarcely an exception, truly preach the Gospel. The Sabbath is much better observed than in Germany; the shops shut; no amusements; great order and decency.

Monday Morning,³ August 4.—Basle was celebrated in the fourth century: it is capable of containing a hundred thousand inhabitants, but it has now only sixteen thousand. It is superbly situated on the Rhine, which here becomes navigable. The larger houses in the town have the front doors made of open wire-work, so as to admit the air. Many of the inhabitants have a swollen neck; arising, as Mr. B. informs us, from the nature of the water; but, as others think, from the moist foggy atmosphere. In the Vallais, this disease becomes a protuberance, and is often accompanied with idiotcy. On the whole, Basle much delighted us. The table d'hôte room overhung the river; with the noble bridge over the Rhine,

connecting Great and Little Basle, on our right, full in view. The prospect from one of the bastions surprised us quite unexpectedly one evening as we were walking on the fortifications—At a sudden turn of the path, the most picturesque view burst upon us as by magic—the Rhine—the bridge—a part of the town—the tower of an old church—a beautiful well-wooded country interspersed—a thousand various objects—the whole exquisite. It is, in short, the simplicity, industry, piety, and happiness of the people, together with the liberty of their country, and its uncommon magnificence and beauty, which endear it to Englishmen.

Court, between Basle and Neufchatel, Monday Night, August 4.—We have come to-day thirty-two miles. This is the third time we have been surprised with a richness of scenery wholly unexpected. Nothing is so difficult to describe. Language, at least my language, is unable to follow the inexhaustible variety and profusion of beauties in Switzerland. For nine hours to-day our attention and admiration were

excited so perpetually, that we were fatigued under the continued effort. It was not the Rhine, it was not the Hoellenthal,—the former with its majestic flood and exuberant vines is unequalled in its way; the latter in wild and awful scenery appeared to us at the time incomparable—but the Valley of Môtiers, where we now are, is of so new and grand a character, so considerable in extent (twenty-two miles), so varied at every turn throughout its course, that, though different from all the preceding scenery, we must allow it to be one of the very finest things we have yet seen. The valley is a sort of fissure or chasm in the immense chain of the Jura mountains. The river Birse flows through it in a rather small, but clear, impetuous, and diversified stream; its numerous cascades, its various bridges, and endless windings, create an inexhaustible fund of pleasure. The rocks of immense height—vertical—parallel—answering to each other on the opposite sides of the chasm, sometimes like leaves of a book, and bearing on every side smaller or larger trees, apparently without any super-

incumbent earth—vast ravines in these masses, down which the torrents at times roll—overhanging fragments, threatening, as it were, to fall every moment, together with the sinuosities of the valley, formed a scene of wonder and delight. The foliage also, now of dark fir, now of lighter underwood; at one time filling up the valley, and hiding the bursting river; at other times rising up the mountains; and almost always spreading out on the rent masses of granite, added continued beauties,—whilst the enormous bodies of rock here and there forced down by the winter tempests, or loosened by the thaws and floods, almost closed the road, and blocked up the river. Along this valley the Romans formed a road, which, after having been more than once obstructed by the falling rocks, was opened again for the last time in 1752. The following inscription, in Latin, is engraved on a stone on the side of the road: “Joseph William, of Rincius, Prince Bishop of Baldenstein Basiliensium, opened this road, which had been shut for a long time, by break-

ing through the rocks, and opposing mountains, and casting bridges over the Birse, with a labour worthy of the Romans." The road now is excellent. I hope I endeavoured to reflect to-day on that awful disruption of the deluge, which was doubtless the origin of these amazing scenes—the face of the creation bears marks of that signal judgment of Almighty God on a sinful world. I endeavoured also to meditate on the goodness of God in furnishing man with sources of pleasure in the wonders of creation, and spreading over the wrecks of the world the sweet foliage and fertility, which are more delightful from these contrasts. O, when the last breaking up of nature shall come, and the rocks and mountains depart, may we inherit a new and brighter world wherein dwelleth righteousness! The people now speak French. We are in the Canton of Bern, containing two hundred and ninety-four thousand souls, chiefly Protestants. We dined at Soyhier, a small Catholic village, where all the tombstones have cups or basins hanging by them, I suppose for

holy water. In the corner of the churchyard is a small building filled with the bones of the dead, with an aperture or window, open to the air, by which you may see them, and touch them, if you please. The villages in this valley are curious, from the very low cottages of only one story, very wide, with roofs of wood, and large stones placed here and there upon the roof, to prevent its being blown away.

Cormoret, Tuesday Morning, Eleven o'Clock.
—We left Court this morning at seven, and came on here sixteen miles, through a fine open country, bordered by mountains. At a place called Pierre Pertuis, we stopped to see the source of the Birse, whose course had afforded us such extraordinary pleasure yesterday: it gushes from the side of a rock with such force as to turn three mills almost immediately. Above this source a lofty rock is pierced to admit the road: the opening, of about forty feet by twenty, was first made by the Romans, as an inscription cut in the rock, and almost obliterated by time, testifies. We were over-

taken by a most violent storm as we approached this village, Cormoret, and here discovered the advantage of Swiss architecture; for the host of a small auberge no sooner saw us than he opened the barn door, and we drove in under cover, first one carriage, then another; a door in the side opened into the house, and stairs, steep as a ladder, conducted us to the *salle à manger*, or dining hall, over the said barn, where we now are. The ceiling, walls, floor, are all of the same materials, unpainted wood. Our cold meat is brought out, which we put into our tin boxes at Basle. We have also *Kirchen-wasser* (*eau de c  rise*), together with fresh eggs, warm milk, bread, all set out on an immense table, which surrounds three sides of the hall, and has no particular appearance of having been lately cleaned. In this style we are now about to dine, at half past eleven, Swiss time.

Twelve o'Clock.—As the storm continues, now we have finished our frugal meal, I go on with such remarks as occur to me. Switzerland

formerly contained thirteen Cantons, but now twenty-two, confederated together by an act of Congress, 1814; by which the actual limits and rights of the different states were as nearly as possible preserved. The Swiss date their freedom from the first efforts of the Cantons of Uri, Switz, and Underwald, to throw off the Austrian yoke in 1308. Switzerland contains one million seven hundred and fifty thousand souls, of whom above a million are Protestants. Basle is the largest city, Geneva the most populous, and Bern the most beautiful. The Cantons differ from each other materially in religion and in form of government; but a spirit of independence, activity, industry, pervade the whole, and make them, perhaps, the freest and happiest country in Europe, after Great Britain.

Neufchâtel, Wednesday Morning, Aug. 6.—
The storm clearing up yesterday, we set off at half past one. We soon came to a hill very steep, but apparently moderate in length; and the two coachmen, with all our party, except

Mrs. W. and Eliza, got out to walk up. It turned out to be a genuine Swiss mountain, at least three miles long, and three thousand feet in height. We were more than an hour ascending, and as the boys and I followed a countryman by what he called a shorter route, we had the happiness to clamber up a side so steep, that we were obliged to cling to the roots of trees to prevent our falling backwards. At the top we saw a small auberge; we entered by the barn, and from that turned into the kitchen, where a moderate fire was burning, not on the hearth, but in the open raised sort of oven, which is usual in this country. We sat down to dry our feet whilst they prepared us some coffee: happening to look up we saw that the whole fire-place, ten feet by fifteen, gradually formed the chimney, which was all of wood, forty feet high, ending in a square at top, on which was a board raised on one side to allow the smoke to escape, by a pole which descended the whole length, and was hung by cords at the side of the oven. As we were sitting, the door opened, and in came our good friend who had

followed the main road, driven by the same hope of relief as ourselves. Eliza arrived soon after, and then Ann. We had a refreshing cup of coffee in the *salle à manger*, which, by the by, was all of wainscot, and with double windows; —a defence against the winter storms; five months' snow falls most years.

We arrived at the capital of the Canton of Neufchâtel at eight, after thirteen hours' journey, and forty-four miles. The weather was rainy in the afternoon; so that we could see little as we descended to the town, except the fine lake expanding its deep blue waves on all sides. Had the weather been fine, the Alps would have crowned the horizon. We observed the villages had still the low cottages, with wooden shingles for tiles. The water-pipes were not placed against the houses, but led off about twenty feet, so as to carry off the water beyond the front gardens into the road. We noticed also extraordinary large dung-hills caked with much care, cut all around, apparently ten years old each, and placed in the garden precisely under the bed-room windows;

I suppose, from the value attached to them by this frugal people. We had excellent beds after our fatigue last night, the best since we left England: my own chamber seems a sort of ball-room, thirty feet by twenty-five—these measures are, of course, in the way of conjecture; as all my remarks on Switzerland, in some degree, are:

Bienne, on the Lake of the same name, Wednesday Evening, August 6.—We left Neufchâtel at eleven this morning, after seeing the Cathedral, fountains, and vineyards—it has three thousand souls. The Alps, which on a fine day stretch on the opposite side of the Lake and bound the view, we could not discern. We came on to Cerlier, twelve miles, to dinner; and then, leaving the carriages, embarked in a boat on the Lake of Bienne. We soon landed at the small island of St. Pierre, about two miles in circuit. It abounds in beautiful scenery. The single house on the island is an auberge, formerly a monastery, and of late years celebrated as the refuge of J. J. Rousseau in 1765.

The walls of his room are actually covered with inscriptions. A trap-door in the floor remains, by which he escaped from unwelcome visitors. A book for entering the names of strangers is kept. I was determined to accompany my signature with some token of disagreement from the sentiments of this infidel writer. I therefore wrote, "D. W. qui, tout en admirant le génie de Rousseau, en déplore les erreurs, et les suites si funestes au Christianisme, et à la morale." There are fine vineyards on the island, which are let to fifty families, who have half the grapes for their labour: last year, this little island, or rather a third part of it, yielded one hundred and sixty thousand bottles of wine; some years it yields only twenty-four thousand. Such is the uncertainty of the vintages in this country. We re-embarked, after a slight refreshment, and sailed to the town of Bienne. The wind was favourable, and the prospects on each side of the Lake were charming; but the agitation of the vessel produced in some of us a qualmishness which interrupted our pleasure. Bienne is a small town of two thousand five

hundred souls, at the foot of Mount Jura. The fosse or moat of the fortifications is turned into gardens—a circumstance which we have often seen, and which always fills me with an indescribable pleasure. I remember as we drove out of Lille, it was delightful to me, after passing four or five lines of frightful fortifications, to turn my eye down and see a number of gardeners and hay-makers at their peaceful occupations at the bottom of the fosse. Bienne abounds with fountains; the stone figure of one of which represents a good and evil angel struggling for the soul of man: Satan has horns and an enormous tail. Over another is a Swiss patriot, immovable as the pedestal on which he stands. The gateway has an extremely old bas-relief of two heroes, the peculiar undauntedness of whose countenances and attitudes bespeaks the Swiss bravery. The chief manufactory in this neighbourhood is watches: a good workman can gain about eight francs a day, an ordinary one three or four. Bread is three half-pence a pound, meat three pence. Out of forty-nine thousand souls in the canton of Neuf-

châtel, there are only two prisoners now confined in jail, and these for robbery. The punishment of death is scarcely ever inflicted. We hope to be at Bern to-morrow, where letters from England await us: I cannot but feel anxious, after a total silence of nearly eight weeks, to hear of my beloved family, and beloved congregation; the duties also before me may materially vary in consequence: may God grant us all needful direction, and vouchsafe us the grace which sanctifies and saves!

Bern, Friday Morning, August 8.—We arrived here yesterday afternoon, after a delightful journey of twenty-four miles from Bienne. We are now about nine hundred and eighty-seven miles from Calais, and one thousand and eighty-seven from London; and having reached what may be called the capital of Switzerland, and our resting-place in this enchanting country (for Geneva, if we go much there, is but two or three days journey), I would raise, as it were, “my stone of memorial, and call it Eben-ezer; and say, Hitherto hath God helped

us:" we have travelled all this way without a single accident, properly speaking; and with only those variations in health which occasional heat and over-fatigue have brought on. The weather has been, on the whole, more favourable to us than it would have been during any other summer for several years. Here we intend first to wait, and entirely rest ourselves, and then form the best plan we can for air, health, and comfort for our remaining tour. Thank God, I found letters from England at the post, with nothing but good news. I received six letters altogether. We dined yesterday at Seedorf, a lovely village, commanding one of the finest views we have yet seen. The road from Biemme was almost one continued succession of mountains; which you will readily believe, when I tell you that Bern is situated one thousand seven hundred and eight feet above the level of the sea. It is indisputably the finest city we have seen, from the beauty of its site, from the nobleness and regularity of its main streets, from the fine white free-stone of which it is built, and from the arcades or piazzas, which adorn not merely

a market-place, like our Covent Garden, but absolutely all the chief streets throughout the city; add to this, that a stream of beautiful running water flows through the middle of the streets, with fountains at convenient distances. It more resembles Bath than any place I have seen abroad. It stands on a lofty hill, surrounded almost entirely by the Aar; $46^{\circ} 57'$ N. lat. $7^{\circ} 30'$ E. long., about five degrees more south than London. It is one of the most modern cities in Switzerland.

Friday Evening.—We have been settling to-day with our voiturier, who here leaves us. We have paid him one thousand seven hundred and four francs for forty-one days, at the rate of forty-eight francs for thirty days' travelling, and twenty-four for eleven days of rest. The distance he has brought us is seven hundred and ninety-two miles; which is about one shilling and nine-pence halfpenny a mile, for five horses and two carriages—but then we have the hire of the carriages, 200 francs a month each, to pay when we return to Calais, so that

the rate of travelling is, on the whole, sufficiently expensive. I have been to-day introduced to the Rev. M. Wittenbach, fifty-two years a pastor in this town—a truly delightful person—full of piety, kindness, playful humour, courteousness, and anecdote. I am not sure I ever met with such a man. He reminded me very much of the late Rev. John Newton, the friend of Cowper—so sensible, affectionate, entertaining, and venerable. He travelled to the Alps every summer for thirty-two years, till the French revolution closed the series. He was known to our Coxe, who was here in 1776. He founded a Bible and Tract Society in Bern in 1792, and is the father of the British and Foreign Bible Institution in Bern. He took us over the Library and the Museum this afternoon. The Cathedral stands on the summit of the hill on which the town is built, overlooking the Aar; on the side next the river a terrace has been erected, with immense buttresses to support the wall, which is above one hundred feet high, and which a Swiss writer, in the warmth of his patriotism, has compared to the walls of ancient

Babylon. The promenade is as delicious as the prospect is magnificent. I doubt if Europe can match the scene. The female peasantry here have a costume extremely peculiar. They have ornaments of black lace fixed on the back of the head by a sort of close cap, from all sides of which an enormously deep black frill sticks upright like sails; the higher this rises, and the more stiffly it rears itself, the more fashionable is the dame who wears it. The weather to-day has been wet and cold.

Saturday Morning.—I must preserve a saying of the great Haller: M. Wittenbach had been speaking to him of the difficulty and importance of finding the middle line, the line of true wisdom, amidst the conflicts of mankind. The venerable Haller replied, "*La ligne de milieu, la ligne de sagesse, c'est une ligne mathématique qui n'a pas de largeur.*"—"The middle line, the line of wisdom, is a mathematical line which has no breadth." The diet of Switzerland, composed of deputies from the twenty-two Cantons, is now sitting. When one recollects the

amazingly small weight which this Diet has in the affairs of Europe, one cannot but smile to see the members walking in state every morning to the Diet in bag-wigs, cocked-hats, with cloaks of rich variegated cloth, each preceded by two marshals in black, with swords and their hats off. In contrast with all this vapouring it is painful to think that the ancient independence of the Swiss Diet is supposed to be sinking before the influence of the Holy Alliance. It has just suspended the liberty of the press for a year, and enacted laws for banishing foreigners. To-day it has suspended its sittings to attend a national festival for *wrestling*; a relic, and the only one in Europe, I suppose, of the wrestlers in republican Rome. In the Cathedral-choir are displayed, during their sessions, the trophies gained in 1446, over Charles Duke of Burgundy. The Cathedral is a plain, but noble building.

Sunday Evening, August 10th.—I have this day had the most delightful Sunday since I left home. The French Protestant service began

at ten. The Church was crowded. The minister preached a most excellent sermon on sanctification as flowing from justification. At two o'clock there was a baptism of his child; the service was public. A liturgical office was read; godfathers and godmothers named; vows undertaken; and excellent prayers offered up. The infant was dressed in white, in a sort of bag closed at the feet. The water was poured by the clerk from a silver ewer into the hand of the minister; a sermon admirably good was then preached by a second minister. There is no solemn reading of the Scriptures in these French Churches, which I think a great defect. There is also very little public confession of sin, or prayer. All I see abroad raises my esteem of our English Liturgy. After the morning sermon, a curtain, which separated an entire portion of the Church opposite to the pulpit, was withdrawn, and lo, a Popish altar, with two chapels, and a pulpit! For, the established religion being Lutheran, the Calvinists and Catholics use the same Church. At half-past four, our fellow-tra-

veller preached us an excellent sermon in our chamber. Thus the day has been refreshing to my soul. O, what a tender plant is religion in the human heart! how soon does it wither! what constant need of the heavenly dew! Lord, be thou, by thy grace and Spirit, as the dew unto me; renew, penetrate, soften, fructify, bless! I introduced myself to the two ministers, and found them charming persons: they lent me the work of the Converted Priest; the title is, "The Christian Confession of Faith, of the Pastor Henhöfer, of Muhlhausen, who, with forty families, his former hearers, turned from the Catholic to the Evangelical Lutheran Church: Spire, 1823." Muhlhausen is a village belonging to the Baron Gemmingen, two miles from the Baron's chateau at Steinegg. Steinegg is situated near Pforzheim, between Carlsruh and Stutgard.

Monday Morning.—The weather has now become beautifully fine, and my friend, and the lads and I, are going off to Thun and Lucerne, for what is called the Oberland Mountain

Tour, for about ten or twelve days. We leave dear Mrs. W., the child, and servant here till we return: the mountain travelling on mules is not suitable to their strength, whilst I am assured it will exceedingly contribute to the further re-establishment of my own health. Farewell; may God preserve us all to his heavenly kingdom!

I am yours most affectionately,

D. W.

P.S.—I should have told you, that one of the most characteristic views of Swiss manners I have yet beheld was from the window of our inn, the Falcon, on the main street of Bern. The market is held there every day. The crowds of persons, each in the costume of their neighbourhood; their strange appearance and language; the variety of fruit and flowers exposed to sale; the constant change in the groups moving before you; the strong, healthy, robust look of every creature; the air of independence and freedom in their countenances struck us with admiration.

LETTER VIII.

*Lauterbrunnen, (Clear Fountains), in the
Oberland of Bern, Tuesday, August 12th,
1823, 44 miles from Bern.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

I AM now sitting at the window of the Salle à manger at Lauterbrunnen. On the right hand of the view which is before me, the celebrated Staubbach, a fall of water of eight hundred feet, is descending in foam and spray; the perpendicular rocks present no jutting shelves to break its fall; it is a soft, gentle, elegant stream, the sport of every wind, and as it reaches the earth, lost in vapour. Immediately beyond the nearer rocks, which rise all around, the Breithorn Alp, with its never-melting snows, rears its head; it seems quite close to me, from the brightness of the

snow, illuminated with the afternoon sun; but it is, in fact, twenty miles off. Next in the prospect a mountain appears with a streak or two of snow at the top; and then the Jungfrau Alp, which is twelve thousand eight hundred and seventy-two feet above the level of the sea, lifts its snowy top above the masses which hide my view of the rest of its vast form. In the nearer ground are the cottages of the village, creeping up the habitable parts of the hills, and interspersed with beautiful meadows and foliage; whilst the roaring of the Lutschinen river, which flows through the valley, alone breaks the deep silence which reigns all around, and combines with its noble cascades, just under my eye on my left hand, to complete one of the most beautiful and majestic views imaginable. The scenes of Zurich and Basle must yield in wild grandeur to this; for here the rudest and most savage mountain-prospect is united with the eternal snows of the Alps, and the sweetest picturesque home-scenery. You would wonder that I could write thus

cheerfully, or even write at all, if you knew that I have been twenty miles or more in a small country-car this morning, exploring the beauties of the valley, of a single point of which, as seen from the inn, I am now speaking; my senses are overpowered with wonders. My friend, the two boys, and I, left Bern yesterday in a hired car, and came on to Thun, fifteen miles, where we embarked on the Lake of that name, and reached Interlaken at seven. The Lake is itself one thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded on all sides with mountains and hills of the noblest description. We stopped in our voyage to ascend to the cavern of St. Beat; a dark cave which is said to go a league under the earth. A river gushes through it. The popular tradition is, that in the first century, the first Christian Missionary to Helvetia finished his days, and was buried here. We landed at Neuhaus, hired another car, and passed through Unterseen; one of the most romantic towns we have seen. We slept at

Interlaken, which lies between the Lakes of Thun and Brientz, and affords a view of a prodigious chain of Alps from the Haslerberge to the Niessen. It has much fallen off during the last four or five years—the inn bad—the walks neglected—the whole place a desolation. We set off to Lauterbrunnen this morning at seven; and on entering the valley were astonished at every step, at the marvels before us. The Staubbach (dust-stream), when we were close to it, was composed of an immense mass of water, though the great height disperses it as it falls. After proceeding in the car two leagues, we ascended on foot an enormous rock, for an hour and a half, to see the cascade of Schiltwaldbach, rushing between two mountains with a surprising force. It would have amused you to see our faint and weary steps toiling up the rock under a burning sun; I was the worst of the party, and leant on the arm of the guide. When we reached the top, some cold chamois and beef, with water from the stream, dashed with eau de c  rise, served to recruit our strength. We

lay along on the grass or rocks, under the shade of an over-hanging mountain, for more than an hour. On our return, we saw another cascade, not equal in height to the Staubbach, but surpassing it in other respects. An immense body of water pours, or rather dashes, out of an aperture, which it seems to have opened in the side of a rock; the foam is so great that two rainbows are formed by its spray; one near the ground, the other at its first rushing upon the edge of the aperture, perhaps one hundred feet up the rock. "Oh, Lord, how wonderful are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches." As we were coming home, it petrified us with horror to hear our guide, who speaks English, say to us, "Sirs, do you see that row of firs growing on that shelf about eight hundred feet from the ground, just below the summit of the rock over against us?"—"Yes."—"Last winter, a cottager heard that his goats were on that ridge; he went down after them; it was in January, and snow covered all its surface; he trod on a stone thus covered, but which had

ice under the snow; he slipped, fell, and was literally dashed to pieces." Such are the tremendous accidents perpetually occurring in Switzerland. Oh, to be ever ready for death! In the parish of Lauterbrunnen (the sweet little church is just below) there are three hamlets, Murron, Grindelwald, and Wengen, on the top of the mountain; they are about five thousand feet above the sea, and contain thirty houses each, where the cattle are fed during the summer. The old people of seventy and eighty come regularly to church every Sunday, three or four leagues, when the weather allows; for during nearly six months, the whole parish is covered with snow, and torrents roll down every path. The people are Protestants; but there is an air of untidiness and dirt about them, arising from their rough manner of life. The cottagers gain sevenpence halfpenny a day and their food. A farm-house, with all kinds of rooms and offices, can be built for about six hundred francs, twenty-three pounds; but then it is all of wood. The river here is a cascade of snow-

water, flowing from the glaciers above ; a thick, dirty, foaming stream. The people eat no bread, but live on potatoes, milk, and cheese, with meat occasionally. These mountains produce neither corn nor wine. The hay-harvest is now beginning, August 12th. The inn at Lauterbrunnen is extremely good. The landlord was butler to the celebrated Madame de Staël.

Wednesday, August 13th, 1823, Grindelwald, 5 afternoon.—Will you believe that we have actually crossed one of the fearful Alps to-day? By nine o'clock this morning we had travelled three hours, and were seated on the roof of a chalet (a hut) eating our dinner. You may judge of the height we had reached, when I say, that for three hours we had mounted almost perpendicularly, as fast as our horses and mules could carry us; we had, in fact, ascended six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Before us was the Jungfrau-Alp, with only one valley between us; it is, as I have said, twelve thousand eight hundred

and seventy-two feet high; and from the chalet it appeared higher to us than it had done at Lauterbrunnen, because all intervening objects were removed. Our view from the roof of the chalet was most magnificent. On our extreme right was the Silver-Horn Alp, with an unvaried cap of snow. Before us was the Jungfrau or Virgin Alp, so called, because no human foot has ascended it. On our left was the Monk-Alp; and last, the Eiger-Alp. We could clearly discern the line of perpetual snow; the crags and shelves; the precipitous sides; the glaciers and torrents. As we were eating our meat and bread, with milk which the herdsman brought us, we suddenly heard a sound like distant thunder;—we started—the guide told us it was an avalanche, or fall of a body of snow, from a ridge of the Jungfrau, to the next projecting cliff below. We turned round, and could see nothing; soon the guide bade us look towards a certain point; an immense shower of snow was falling; and as it reached the shelf below, the noise was again like a clap of thunder.—Our meal was suspended in an instant. The fact

is, the fall was, perhaps, of one thousand feet, the snow an amazing mass, and the noise increased by the echo; for we saw, after two or three avalanches, the loaded snow on the lower shelf begin to flow down like a river into the valley beneath. The impression on our minds was solemn. These avalanches, when they fall near the public roads, which is often the case, are most destructive and dangerous. But it is time for me to tell you, that we rose at half-past four this morning, and at six were in cavalcade on two horses and two mules, with a guide, and two servants to bring back the beasts—all hired over-night for the passage of the Alps, the guides at six francs a day, the animals at nine: our bags were tied on behind us; the guides carried our staves, umbrellas, and provisions. My eldest lad went first, then my kind fellow-traveller, each on a mule; my younger son and I followed on horses. We ascended by a narrow winding path, sometimes by steps, then across a quag, then over a little champaign country, but mostly over loose stones. After an hour's ride, we had ascended three

thousand four hundred and fifty feet (Lauterbrunnen, where we slept, is two thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the sea), and passed a village of about forty houses, built of wood, occupied by small proprietors of land, and peasants. After two hours' further ride, we reached the chalet, of which I have spoken; we were then on the top of the Wengen-Alp, for every Alp has its name. These chalets are inhabited for three months and a half only of the year, by farmers' servants, who first drive up their cattle by the same road we came, and then feed them there during the summer, and make cheese of the milk. The chalets are wretched sheds of beams uncut, without chimneys, the roof of wood, secured by rows of large rough stones. The people live on milk and cheese; they have an unhealthy look. We staid nearly two hours at the place to rest the beasts, as well as ourselves. Soon after eleven, we began to descend, when the inconveniences we had found in our ascent were nothing compared with what we now had to experience. I can only

liken it to the going down the roof of a house, with the additional feeling, that bridles were useless, and that you must give your animal his head. The edge of precipices, rivers, narrow bridges of only two beams, stones yielding to the foot, gaps of road descending by steps—you could not help yourself. The guide told you it was nothing; the animals went on at the rate of three miles an hour unconcerned, stopping to crop the grass and flowers as they passed; and, after three hours and a half of descent, we were landed safely at the valley of Grindelwald. This valley is three thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the sea—about the height, I think, of Snowdon in Wales*. As we were coming down to it, we observed a wide-spread desolation; trees torn up by the roots and stripped; meadows covered with small rock or dust; the road obstructed; vast masses of rock between us and the nearest Alp, the Wetter-horn: we inquired

* Mr. Pennant says the height of Snowdon is 3568 feet.

the cause. A dreadful mass had burst off from the rock, in the night, last winter, and had literally destroyed every thing which it met in its course; happily no lives were lost. No words can describe the scenes of this day. How great must that God be who formed all these wonders, and who sustains them all! "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou visitest him?" The inn here is just under the Mettersberg Alp. The weather yesterday and to-day has been the finest since we left England; not a cloud, and yet pleasant; twenty parties have crossed the Wengen Alp this summer, ladies, as well as gentlemen. The snow has fallen, so lately as this month, about twenty-three feet deep. The people here are Protestants, and each parish has a church. As we ascended to Wengen, the women and children came out and sung us a hymn very sweetly. I forgot to tell you, that two of our beasts were named Gabby and Manny; for a long time we supposed these were the real names; at last our guide rather shocked us by saying, that the first was called Gabriel, and the second Im-

manuel! Our journey to-day was twenty-one miles, in eight hours and a half. We have a simple luxury here of the most refreshing kind; ice in a basin, which we put into our wine or milk, and which gives a coolness quite surprising, now that the thermometer is eighty. The ice comes from a neighbouring glacier, which we visited this afternoon, tired as we were. This is the first glacier we have seen: it is a most astonishing thing; it is an inclined plain of a league or more, covered with congealed snow, ice, and water, according as the summer sun, the heat of the earth, the storms, and the rush of superincumbent matter, have been more or less. From this plain, the glacier descends down a precipice or ravine, filling up the cavity with the same combined materials of snow, ice, and water, till it reaches the valley of Grindelwald, whence we saw it. It appeared to us an enormous rock of cleft masses of ice, perhaps one hundred feet above the earth, with caverns worn by the water at the bottom. From these caverns the snow-rivers rush from which the Rhine, Rhone, &c. are supplied.

Thursday Evening, August 14th, Valley of Meyringen.—We have had a completely wet morning; four hours' ride over the same sort of unaccountable road as yesterday, with the gratifying accompaniments of being soaked with rain, and of having the beauties of the journey entirely obscured from our view by clouds. The day promised to be pretty fine when we started at six this morning, and continued without rain as we ascended the Sheideck-Alp (six thousand and forty-five feet above the level of the sea); but when we came to the brow and began to descend, the rain fell, and we saw the immense valley below, brim-full of clouds, which were meeting us full in the face. We had three umbrellas, which, on horseback, with a pelting rain, were not of much use; our great coats were, however, of essential service. We rested about an hour at a wretched hut, only better than a chalet. Our eau de vie de Cognac was of real service to us in this emergency, as well as the hot milk we obtained here. We mounted again in woful plight, for three hours more of rain, fog, clouds, swollen rivers, &c.

till we approached Meyringen; when our guide, without saying a word, directed us across a meadow, as coolly as if nothing had happened, to visit some cascades! They were grand enough; but my sad state of wet and fatigue deprived me of all pleasure in the sight. The fact, I understand, is, that the Reichen-bach, rolling with a fine stream, pours into the valley of Meyringen by no less than five cascades of eighty or one hundred feet each, and then joins the Aar, which flows through Meyringen. I must tell you, disconsolate as I am, that soon after we left Grindelwald we came to the second or upper glacier; for there are two at this place. We alighted and went on the enormous flakes of ice; the water was dropping all around; and when we came off them we could see the hollows which the water had scooped out underneath. As we went on our way, we had a still better view of these mountains of ice from above. These glaciers are the most remarkable things we have seen; the upper one has advanced two thousand feet, or invaded the land two thousand feet, in the last twenty

years. Glaciers, says M. Ebel, are, in the first instance, vast beds of ice formed above the limits of perpetual snow, and which are sometimes enclosed in the valleys of the high mountains, and there held immovably; and sometimes, when they are not held there, descend by the sides of the valleys. This motion is produced, in part, by the weight of the ice, which draws it on when it loses its equilibrium; but chiefly, by the melting and diminution of the ice beneath, and on the sides, where the glacier (or body of ice) touches the earth or rocks. The glacier, thus losing its centre of gravity, bursts asunder with a dreadful noise, and glides down the declivity till it finds a new support*.

Meyringen, Friday, August 15.—This morning, instead of the guide calling us at four, he came into our rooms at half-past seven. Ten hours' sleep was by no means disagreeable; the clouds and the heavy rain had gained us this

* See Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse, p. 157.

repose. After breakfast, the day clearing up a little, we hired a car, and drove nine miles, to the Lake of Brienz. The valley of Meyringen, through which we passed, is esteemed one of the most beautiful of all the Swiss valleys; the rocks on each side are so lofty, the intervening vale so lovely (about one or two miles broad), the outline so variegated; but the special beauty is the number of cascades descending the sides of the rocks, and divided into separate falls. At one time, we had four or five cascades, falling one or two hundred feet, in view at the same time. The village of Brienz is romantically situated on the lake, with one thousand five hundred inhabitants; two good inns, and a third unfinished. In fact, the visitors to Switzerland, since the peace, are multiplying, and improving the inns everywhere. We took a boat to cross the lake, and visit the fall of the Giessbach, about two miles. We were rowed by an old woman near seventy, her daughter, and her little granddaughter, about eight or ten years old; one man steering. The Giessbach is one of the

finest waterfalls we have seen; it has ten separate descents, the beauty of which is heightened by scenery the most varied and romantic. At two or three points of view, we had the impetuous torrents on our left, relieved by a foreground of the most picturesque foliage, and contrasted with the soft tranquillity of the lake on our right; while the head of the fall was concealed by lofty firs. As we returned, the owner of the adjoining land, with his children, entertained us with some delightful music. A New Testament was in the room. It is, indeed, most pleasing to find, throughout this country, Bibles and books of devotion: I saw in a miserable chalet on the mountain, yesterday, Arndt's excellent work on True Christianity. Yes, all places are alike to the God and Father of all; and some of these simple peasants, perhaps, who know nothing but their Bibles and their mountains, may be happier than most of the inhabitants of Paris or London. Christianity is an universal blessing for ruined man.

Saturday, August 16, three o'clock Afternoon.

—We are just arrived on the wildest of all the Swiss mountains, the Grimsel, six thousand feet above the sea; twenty-four miles from Meyringen. We are at a lone house, called the Hospice, and the only one for ten more long mountainous leagues. The danger of not meeting beds was, therefore, so alarming, that we sent on a courier this morning at three o'clock to engage rooms. The man had gone the eight leagues on foot, and had returned above three of them when we met him, at one o'clock; that is, he had run, or walked, thirty-three miles in eight hours, over a road, which if you had seen, you would have thought that none but goats could pass. We have been nine hours and a quarter going, on horses and mules, the twenty-four miles. Nothing more surprises me than the inexhaustible variety of grand outline and beautiful scenery in this wonderful Switzerland. I am altogether incapable of describing it. We have been, to-day, through a country quite as deserving to

be seen as any thing we have already visited, and yet utterly different. The character of the valley of the Aar is wild and savage grandeur; desolation upon desolation; a road, or rather crag, which all the sagacity of our mules could scarcely overcome; sometimes, rude stone steps; then, the smooth slippery back of a rock; then, loose pebbles; then, quagmire; then, enormous sharp stones, from which the winter torrents had worn away all the earth, and left only holes for the beasts to tread in; still upon this road, the mules passed with perfect safety. By the by, I found that our mules had been this road thirty or forty times already, and this encouraged me to set off; and most amply have we been rewarded. The fall of the Aar, called The Handeck, is magnificent indeed. The body of water is immense, another river uniting with it at the fall; and the peculiarity is, that a scooped rock, or rather a narrow basin, or chasm of rocks, opens an abyss of two hundred feet to receive the torrent. To look down it made me quite giddy. We are now so high, that it is excessively cold, though the sun

shines, and we left Meyringen at a thermometer about seventy. We had, indeed, passed over ground as high both on Wednesday and Thursday; but this is the first time we have stopt at such an elevation. Our friend has not accompanied us, as he passed the Grimsel four years ago, and he wished to improve the time, by visiting some places new to him. My dear boys and I, with two mules, a horse, and guide, and a servant who tends the mules, are now the whole party. We have written twice to Bern, during the week, where the rest of my family remain during our mountain tour, which is technically called the Oberland or Highland Bernois tour; because it includes the loftiest part of Switzerland. I must, before I finish to-day, translate a Latin note in the stranger's book: "We were first overcome by heat and fatigue; then, by rain, wind, cold, and the badness of the roads: we came here without having seen what we travelled on purpose to see; and all hope of better weather being lost, we departed, imprecating every thing evil against mount Grimsel." Such is the

angry record of two gentlemen, one from Petersburg, the other from Leipsic.

Sunday, August 17.—This is my ninth Sunday, and we are in a situation the most desolate and gloomy, as to outward things, possible—in a lone house, twelve mountain miles from any church—not a creature that understands English, and only one who understands French; still, if God is with us, it is enough. We have had our morning service, in a quiet tranquil room, with a good fire (for it is just like a keen December day); using as many of the Church prayers as I could remember—for we have only a Bible with us—then reading some Psalms and Lessons, and closing with a sermon, or rather exposition. We then went to take a little turn to warm our feet; and now my dear sons are writing their thoughts on a subject which I have given them, till our afternoon service. I cannot do better than follow their example. The first reflection that occurs to me, whilst meditating in this solitude, is the greatness and goodness of that God who up-

holds and governs all this wild and stupendous scene around us—that God who “sits on the circle of the heavens,” and before whom “the mountains are as nothing.” But all this glory of God in nature is accompanied with marks of his wrath; the effects of the convulsions of the deluge are everywhere visible—the fountains of the great deep have been broken up, the mountains have been rent asunder, the earth has been shaken out of its place. How good, then, is God, who still spares a wicked and ungrateful world; nay, farther, how good is God, who has given his only begotten Son, to save this lost world, and provide an atonement for our sins! And how easily could God destroy in a moment the earth which he has formed! May the works of nature ever lead up our souls to God in Jesus Christ our Lord! The next thought that strikes my mind, is the many particular mercies which have accompanied my family and me on this journey. Every thing has turned out for our good; the weather has cooled the season, and made our travelling safe and agreeable; delays have

proved benefits. Ever since we set off we have had blessing upon blessing.—In the next place, how unspeakable is the comfort of prayer ! Wherever I am, my family can pray for me, and I can pray for my family. The throne of grace is accessible at all times, and in all places. My dear Mrs. W. and child now at Bern, my affectionate mother and family at London, my large and beloved flock at St. John's, are united to me by the bond of prayer ; all may confer benefits and receive them, by intercession to that God who has all things in his hands.—Again, let me reflect on the duty of contentment and gratitude ; I see nothing abroad, but what makes me more thankful for the lot Providence has appointed me at home. Switzerland is beautiful to visit in a summer tour ; but England is the happier land in all respects, if she knew her privileges. Consider the family in this inn. In July last, the snow was twenty-three feet deep behind the house. For nine months in the year, the family are compelled to leave it to a man and two dogs, and go down to the plain of Meyringen ; and when they

are here in the summer, they have twenty-four miles of steep mountain road, whenever they go to church.—Once more, let me remark on the place where I am writing. It is called an Hospice or Spital. It was enlarged last year with eleven new rooms by the Government of Bern; and the innkeeper is obliged to entertain strangers, to receive the poor gratis, and keep the house open all the winter, for fear any travellers should be passing. O, that true Hospice and refuge, which our Saviour has set up in the Gospel, for the wandering traveller! May we ever flee to this sure habitation! The names of the persons who enlarged this house are painted, in great characters, on the wall of the dining-room; how much more should the Saviour's name be engraven on our hearts?—Further, let me consider the charity with which we should hope the best of these simple people. The poor cottagers come from Murren six leagues, six thousand feet of descent and ascent, to Lauterbrunnen church, even when seventy or eighty years old. Many of the houses have not only the names

of the builder, but texts of Scripture, written on the outside. In a small inn at Guttanen, four leagues off, where we stopped yesterday, I found inscriptions on each side of the door of the chamber; one of which was to this effect, "On God's grace and good blessing, all man's success depends; and without his help and mercy, all man's doings are vain." I find in this inn, the Grimsel, a very excellent book of prayers, and a pious French tract; given, probably, by the Basle Tract Society. There are a man and his wife and seven children here, and six servants. I have been talking to the only daughter who understands French, and have given her a Testament; she was very attentive to what I said, and asked me if I knew Dr. Steinkopff, whom she saw some years ago. Thus charity may lead us to hope, that God our Saviour has many, many true disciples, in these wild deserts.—Lastly, I cannot but reflect on the unspeakable importance of Englishmen acting consistently as Christians, when abroad. We met last night here, at supper (at five), an Italian nobleman, a Florentine, and two English gentlemen of

family; to-day, though it is Sunday, all have gone on their journey except us. Now if every Englishman would keep holy the Sabbath, and show what the Protestant religion is, in his conduct, unnumbered blessings might follow. It is impossible indeed to foresee what good might be done by the ten or fifteen thousand British travellers who are scattered over Europe, if they acted an open, kind, consistent, religious part, as they ought; but if they are ashamed of their principles, and conform, one in one thing, and another in another, to the wrong practices of the Continent, they share in its guilt, and, indeed, are answerable for all the evil they might have prevented, or remedied, by the manly discharge of their duty as servants of Christ.

I am yours most affectionately,

D. W.

LETTER IX.

Hospenthal (Place for the Reception of Strangers and Travellers), at the Foot of Mount St. Gothard, in the Canton of Uri, Monday, Aug. 18, 1823.

WE set off, my dear sister, this morning from the hospice of the Grimsel at a quarter before six: the morning was dull, but without rain for some time. As we ascended the remaining part of the Grimsel Alp, we saw a thick white cloud completely filling the valley behind us, and rising gradually up the mountain. We had near three thousand feet to ascend before we reached the summit, by a road far worse than any we had yet passed. We had continually to cross masses of snow, quagmires, and torrents without bridges. We had stones in the manner of stairs on Saturday,

but to-day we had stones in the manner of falls and pits, so that when the mules stepped down, it was with a plunge: we had, also, many slippery backs of rocks. You may judge of the sort of difficulties by this circumstance, that as soon as we began to descend we were obliged to alight, and walk down the whole of this frightful Alp. Immediately in the valley between the Grimsel and the Furca Alps is the glacier of the Rhone, which has its source here. This glacier far surpasses in extent and grandeur those at Grindelwald,—it is as if an immense sea, when rushing down the valley, had been suddenly turned into ice, with all its agitations. I conjecture, from my eye, that it may be about eight hundred or one thousand feet wide, four thousand long, and five or six hundred deep. Imagine yourself only at the foot of such a sea of broken ice, from beneath which twenty or more turbid snow-streams are bursting out, which form the Rhone. As soon as we had crossed the valley, through which the Rhone passes, we began to ascend the Furca Alp, eight thousand eight hundred and

eighty feet above the level of the sea, and two thousand eight hundred and eighty above the hospice where we had slept. As we mounted up, another glacier appeared on our right. The rain now began to fall, and the cold was yet more intense than on the Grimsel; I could not feel my fingers when holding the umbrella. Thus we lost the noble view of the distant Alps, which in fine weather is incomparably grand. As soon as we had reached the top, we were obliged to alight and descend, not a mountain of earth, but an immense mountain of snow, over which we slid and walked as well as we could. I can quite understand now, why the snow is perpetual on the higher Alps: we were almost frozen at eight thousand feet; what, then, must be the temperature at twelve or thirteen thousand feet? After a journey of five hours and a half (four of which were in the rain), we reached the first inhabited house, the hospice at Realp. When we came to the door, I was surprised to see the guide ring the bell, and then humbly take off his hat, when the door opened; and much more to see a venera-

ble Capuchin friar come out with a long beard, a brown garment of the coarsest cloth, reaching to his feet, with a large hood hanging behind, and girded round his waist with a thick common cord ; whilst a deep frill of coarse linen fell a good way down his breast. He came gravely up to us. He could not speak French ; but his look was benignant, and he showed us into his room with much courtesy, brought us a bottle of a light sweet Italian wine, spread a cloth for us, and then retired, whilst we ate the provisions we had brought with us. As we were dripping wet, we begged to have the wine made hot : it was done in the most comfortable manner possible. We had time during dinner to look round the room—furniture old, but convenient—figures of our Saviour—a printed list, several feet long, of the abbots of his order—holy water—a stove—and in a very small cupboard his library and bed. I tried to make the friar understand me in Latin, but without success. We paid for our entertainment, and gave something for the poor. My maps and books are at Bern ; but I saw

in an old dirty map hanging on the wall, that Realp is $46^{\circ} 31'$ N. lat. and $25^{\circ} 32'$ E. long. from the Ferro Isles. We set off again about twelve, and came on here, two leagues, making twenty-four miles, which, with the Alps and the rain, made a formidable day's journey. We are now at a comfortable inn at the small catholic village of Hospenthal, in the Canton of Uri, four thousand five hundred and forty-nine feet above the sea (therefore, cold enough, I assure you), with thirty-four houses, a church, and chapel. At the top of the village stands a half-ruined castle, which once belonged to the lords of the hospital, or hospice; for all the villages on these Alps seemed to have been designed as refuges for travellers. Through the village flows the arm of the Reuss river, which springs from the Furca glacier. The village is on the road for Mount St. Gothard. The weather has been unfavourable to-day, but we have had no fogs to obscure materially our view, either of the glaciers, or of the wild, rude mountain scenery through which we have passed; only we lost the view of the distant

Alps. We have now overcome one of the grand difficulties of the Swiss tourist, the passage of the Grimsel and the Furca. The boy who went with my college friend to Stanz returned to us last night, saying that he was weary of the passage of the mountains, and had sent off the horse and boy, determined to make his way to Lucern by cars or by the Lake. In these mountainous places the weather is commonly bad. Hospenthal is the highest public inhabited village in Switzerland; and the innkeeper's brief description of the weather is, that they have frost and snow for nine months in the year, and rain for the remaining three. There are no trees in this valley, not even the hardy fir; all is one wild surface, without foliage. Every stick of wood for domestic use is brought up some leagues from Amstag. The cows and goats feed on the grass, which just now looks a little pleasant; but even these animals have a wild, rough appearance, especially the cows. The poor inhabitants of this, and other villages around, suffered extremely during the war. The Austrians and

French fought in the very streets of Hospenthal: our innkeeper tells me the scenes were dreadful beyond description. The Lakes here are too cold for fish.

Hospenthal, Tuesday Morning, Seven o'Clock.

—For so long the weather has allowed us to rest. We have had an excellent night: we were in bed about half past eight. These dinners at eleven, and suppers at five, suit us. I never was better in my life. The breakfast is now coming in, and the weather has suddenly cleared up; so that the sun is mounting over the Alps before our window, and is throwing this romantic village into a beautiful picture of light and shade—and hurries us off for our day's journey.

Amstag, One o'Clock, Valley of the Reuss, Sixteen miles from Hospenthal.—I am now sitting, faint with heat, at one of the windows of the dining hall of the inn, with a burning sun full on the four open windows of the room;—

such is the effect of a descent of two or three thousand feet in this marvellous country—yesterday as cold as Christmas, to-day as hot as Midsummer. But this is nothing; I must employ half an hour while dinner is preparing, in giving you some idea, if I can, of the extraordinary valley through which we have been passing. It is certainly one of the wonders of Switzerland. We rode about two miles, on leaving the Hospenthal, in the wide open valley, without a tree, the Reuss rolling along its course; when we came to a mighty rock which seemed quite to stop the road. As we approached we found a tunnel or gallery had been bored through the solid granite, fifteen feet high, twelve broad, and two hundred and twenty long. This is better than the bridge hung with chains, and dangling on the outside of the rock over the torrent, which was the old road. We now descended by a narrow paved way, ten feet wide, to what is called the Devil's Bridge, thrown over the Fall of the Reuss, which here meets with tremendous rocks,

and foams as it rushes down them. The bridge seems built in the air, from its elevation and boldness; it is one hundred feet above the river. The architect is not known; and the extreme frightfulness of the precipice over which it is thrown has probably led the common people to ascribe it to fairies first, and then to the evil spirit. The road continues to descend the valley like stairs for steepness, being built against the perpendicular rock, and sustained in many places by arches and walls on the side of frightful gulfs; for a league this miraculous sort of tract extends. During all this time the roaring Reuss continues to roll its agitated torrent. I think this is the most romantic of all the Swiss rivers. It never ceases its rage. From rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, it dashes forward with a succession of falls; sometimes lost among the rocks, then reappearing in redoubled force. We soon came to Grochinen, where a new road, passable for carriages, begins, and goes on nearly four leagues to Amsteg, the place where I am now writing. It is a surprising

undertaking for a small Swiss Canton (Uri), to have formed a road, twenty-five feet wide, by the labour of several thousand hands, in three years: I know nothing in England like it for hardy and dangerous enterprise. It is as smooth as our Bath road; and has been formed by blowing up rocks, dividing places dangerous to travellers, throwing bridges over the torrents (there are seven or eight), still keeping the inclination so gentle, that it descends only about seven feet in one hundred. Conceive our delight in witnessing this bold undertaking, especially when you consider that the valley itself is one of the most picturesque we have yet seen; noble mountains; the river winding, now its frightful, and then its gentle, course; ravines intersecting the valley, and carrying down the smaller torrents; meadows and orchards delighting the eye as we descended lower; a forest of firs varying the scenery for a mile or more; villages with their little chapels appearing now and then: the whole augmented by one of the finest days nature ever presented to man, with a gentle north wind to moderate the

heat. I was grieved to see that in many places the new road was already injured by the torrents and falling masses of rocks, so that a constant expense will be incurred—but dinner is on table.

I resume my letter at *Altorf, the capital of the Canton of Uri, half-past seven, Tuesday Evening*, after a ride of three hours and a half. I was speaking of the expense and labour which this new road will require, and which heighten the merit of the enterprise. I should add that it very much saves passengers from the danger of the avalanches from the mountains, which were often destructive. Such was the terror of them that formerly travellers were not allowed to speak in certain parts of the road, lest even that slight agitation of the air should occasion a fall of snow*. It further facilitates the immense traffic carried

* I am sorry to see from the Swiss Journals that the devastation occasioned by the avalanches this winter has been particularly great. The valleys of Naoli, Gadmen, and Guttanen are stated to have suffered severely.

on between Lucern, Milan, and Northern Italy. We met a drove of noble oxen, and many teams of mules laden with casks. Milan is twelve or thirteen days' journey from Hospenthal. The people in these villages seem to me untidy and poor. The meadows are rich; and they use a wooden frame for drying hay, which raises the grass above the ground, and makes it in a single fine day. In coming on to Altorf, we stopped at Burglem to visit a chapel built on the spot where William Tell was born in the fourteenth century. Altorf is a small catholic town of one thousand six hundred souls. It abounds with monuments of William Tell; whose history is connected with all the liberty of Switzerland. The tower is for W. Tell; the fountains are for him. We met on our way to-day many peasants laden with wood for the Valley of Ursern (where Hospenthal is), as no trees grow there, and all their wood (coals are unknown) is brought up three leagues. On our road, also, we met our friend and companion, who after spending his Sunday at Stanz, came to Altorf last night, and was going to

visit the Vale of the Reuss: we are now at the same hotel. He reports that he remained at Stantz on Saturday, not because he was weary of the mountain road, but because his horse and boy were equally bad, so bad that he despaired of reaching Lucern by their means. He thinks the new road which I have so much commended takes off in some places from the picturesque beauty of the scenery.

Switz, the capital of the Canton of that name, and from which the whole of the country is called, Wednesday, quarter before ten.—We set off this morning a quarter before six, and saw the melancholy effect of the fire at Altorf in 1799, in the ruined houses yet unrepaired. We came to Fluellen in an hour, and there embarked on the lake of Lucern for Brunnen. The passage of two hours was exquisite, from the noble and grand character of the scenery of the Lake. We stopped a moment at the spot where W. Tell escaped from the boat when they were leading him to prison, and where a chapel is now built. W. Tell died in

1356. The confederation oath was taken 1st January, 1308. We landed at Brunnen at nine, and came on here. The lake we have crossed is perhaps the finest in Switzerland—eight leagues long, four and a half wide, bordering on the four forest Cantons—Switz, Uri, Underwald, and Lucern. Between Brunnen and Switz we passed the bridge, covered as usual, of Ibach, where the battle took place between Suwarrow and Masséna in 1799.

Twelve o'clock.—I never dined better in my life at eleven o'clock than I have here: we are now going to ascend Mount Righi. This town of Switz is in a garden of natural beauties. The vast rocks behind it are like giant sentinels to guard it.

Wednesday Evening, top of Mount Righi.—I must write a line to you to-night, though in a *salle-à-manger*, crowded with French, German, Swiss, English, all talking together, in a hotel on the summit of the Righi, six thousand one hundred and fifty-six feet above the sea,

and four thousand five hundred above Switz. The peculiarity of this mountain is not merely its great height, but its insulated situation, and the steep point in which it terminates, which gives it, when the weather is clear, one of the noblest and most extensive views in the world: the consequence is, that every Swiss traveller ascends it. It is not the road to any town, as the other Alps I have crossed are, but is merely a beautiful spot, which fashion has for some years been bringing into celebrity. The moment a fine day appears, all the world hurry up to the only inn and only house on the extreme summit of this vast elevation, and the scene at the table-d'hôte is comic beyond description. We were between five and six hours ascending the mountain, in many parts by stairs, at a rate of forty feet of ascent in one hundred. The heat added to the fatigue; but the extraordinary scene, now we are at the top, surpasses all my conceptions, even of what Switzerland could produce. The eye has an unimpeded view all around. It is a sort of natural panorama. The main disadvantage

(which yet adds, perhaps, to the interest of the excursion) is the sort of uncertainty of finding a bright unclouded sky at this great elevation : either the valleys or the tops of the mountains are commonly obscured with a black, dark mantle of clouds. As we were at supper, we were hurried out to ascend a wooden scaffold forty or fifty feet high, and behold a gathering storm. We were astonished at the sublime sight. One quarter of the horizon was illuminated with the setting sun in the softest beauty, whilst in another quarter the most gloomy storm shrouded with all its horrors the tops of the adjoining mountains, and was approaching the Righi—but I must absolutely stop.

Righi, five o'clock, Thursday Morning.—I was compelled to break off last night by the excessive noise in the dining hall: I had half a dozen people talking to me—and therefore retired to rest. My friend and I were crowded into a small room, the feet of our beds touching each other; presently the house became more noisy than ever with the

company going to their chambers (for these wooden houses shake at every step), and soon the storm, which was lowering in the evening, began to fall—the lightning, thunder, and rain were tremendous; I really thought the house would have fallen. It is now five in the morning, and the rain and the brouillard completely obscure the whole scene. Nevertheless all the house is in motion, and families are going down the hill. Fifty-one persons slept here last night (twenty-four gentry; twenty-seven servants and guides): in the course of yesterday there had been fifty-two gentry. The house is very small. I find a New Testament of the Bible Society in this Catholic solitude, with an inscription to state that it was left by Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz, “for the use of Christians whom the bad weather might prevent from seeing and admiring the great work of the creation, and adoring the Creator, by mounting towards him by the help of his works.” In the stranger’s book are the names of his present majesty, George IV., and the Emperor of Russia. My cousin H. W.’s name appears last September. When the wea-

ther is fine, fourteen lakes are visible here, and the sun rising upon the range of the Alps is magnificent. They may be traced from the Glarnish on the east, to the Oberland Bernois on the south-west; whilst on the north your eye may range from the lake of Constance to that of Neufchâtel. The only hill we could see last night was Mount Pilate, which is called properly Mons Pileatus, or Mountain with a cap, because a cloud generally rests on its extreme top, even in the finest weather. The common people say, that Pontius Pilate came here and threw himself down the precipice in despair, for having condemned our Saviour. As the morning is so unfavourable, and breakfast is not ready, I must tell you a sad story.—As we ascended the Righi yesterday we passed over the melancholy ruins of the village of Goldau. In 1806 an immense mass of earth from the Rossberg, gradually loosened by the rain and frost, fell down with scarcely a moment's warning,—it was the 2d of September—four villages, of which Goldau was the chief, lay at the foot of the mountain. All was buried

in an instant—two churches, one hundred and eleven houses, two hundred barns, &c. and four hundred persons, with three hundred and twenty-five head of cattle, were overwhelmed; and a new mountain one hundred and fifty feet high was formed by the vast mass. It is astonishing and terrific as you ride over the place; the ruins are above one hundred feet deep; the adjoining Lake of Lowertz was filled up for fifty feet. Only a few bodies and mangled limbs have been dug up after seventeen years. Such was the tremendous impetus of the falling rock, that prodigious masses were carried by the rebound many hundred feet up the opposite hill, i. e. perhaps three or four leagues from the summit whence they fell. Such a scene I never witnessed. Two or three new houses are beginning to rise on the spot; one of the churches has been rebuilt; the grass is now hiding by degrees the frightful spectacle, and even some strips of meadows are growing here and there. O God, how unfathomable are thy judgments! thus is it that thou alarmest a sleeping world, and callest man to prepare for sudden death

and sudden judgment; whilst the grace of thy Gospel sets before them a dying Saviour, whose redemption no falling rocks nor sudden destruction can overwhelm; nay, which will appear most glorious “when the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the earth shall melt with fervent heat!”

Righi, ten o'clock.—The morning is actually clearing up.

Eleven o'clock.—No: all our hopes are disappointed; the valley is filled with clouds: fogs are rising and covering every thing with one mantle of deep and impenetrable obscurity. Thus we are compelled to leave this queen of mountains. I may as well tell you, before I shut up my letter, that in coming up yesterday, we visited the convent of St. Mary in the snow, four thousand two hundred feet above the sea, where a small convent of Capuchin friars, for receiving strangers, is supported. The little church adjoining is curiously adorned; and in the small village two inns have been built within

three years. In the stranger's book on Mount Righi, I find so many fictions, that I have now no difficulty in accounting for the insertion of the name of the king; but I have called in all the people of the house and examined them, and they stoutly affirm that our King was here, and wrote with his own hand his name and date, October, 1816, and that he came with three ladies and four gentlemen in his suite. Such is the vanity of these good people*!

Righi, twelve o'clock.—We are in as miserable a plight as ever poor creatures were: a dreadful wet day—shut up in a close room, as in a prison—scarcely able to breathe—five or six leagues to reach Lucern—no prospect—nothing but rain and fog. Some of the party are endeavouring to throw a ring suspended by a cord from the ceiling, upon a hook fixed at a suitable distance in the wall of the room—a trait of genuine ennui.

* See note at the end of this Letter.

Lucern, Friday Morning, seven o'clock.—We arrived here last night; the weather a little cleared up after dinner yesterday at the Righi, and at two we mounted our beasts to descend; three hours brought us to Kuesnacht, a town on the Lake of Lucern; and three hours more to this town. The weather was rainy, but still tolerable. The views of the surrounding country, as we came down, were lovely: we had the Lakes of Lucern and Zug full before us. The road from Kuesnacht was positively through a garden, by the side of the Lake, with just those gentle rises, which gave us the sweetest views imaginable. We have now finished our Oberland tour of two hundred and forty-nine miles; only it happens that we are landed at a town nearly seventy miles from Bern, and have thus two days' journey to reach my dear family. We visited yesterday a third chapel of W. Tell, built by the government, on the spot where he slew Gessler, the Austrian bailiff. So that there is a tower at Altorf, near the village of his birth; a fountain

on the place where he stood to shoot the apple on his child's head; another fountain where the child stood; a chapel on the site of his house at Burglem; a second where he escaped from the boat conducting him to prison; and a third where he slew the oppressor of his country. Thus is the love of liberty nourished in the breasts of this fine people: Catholics and Protestants seem all the same in this respect. Their adherence to all their ancient usages, even in their dress, is observable; each Canton has its costume. At Switz, the women have caps with two high white frills, plaited, and standing nearly erect on their heads, like two butterfly's wings; quite different from the Bernois, yet equally fantastical and inconvenient. This Oberland country has filled me with wonder, astonishment, and gratitude. "How glorious, O God, are thy works, and thy thoughts are very deep." O that, in this glorious creation, man did but love and obey thee as he ought! Lucern, where we now are, is the capital of the Canton, and romantically situated on the north-west banks of the

lake of four cantons. It is just in the heart of Switzerland, $47^{\circ} 30'$ N. lat. 26° E. long. from Ferro Isles. It is one thousand three hundred and twenty feet above the sea. The fine river Reuss crosses it, over which there are three bridges. The name is probably derived from the Latin word, *Lucerna*, a lamp or light-house, as the most ancient building is the Great Tower where the light was formerly suspended, possibly in the time of the Romans. It contains six thousand souls. It is the great mart of commerce between Switzerland and northern Italy, the road over St. Gothard beginning at Altorf, the other side the lake. The Catholic religion is here prevalent; so that all up Mount Righi we found stations and crucifixes for pilgrims. Many of the priests are said to be men of piety and information, and to have been on the point of embracing Protestantism a few years back. Some political events unhappily interfered to delay the execution of this good design. The German language prevails through the Oberland, so that I have had no great means of gaining information on the real

state of morals and religion. But the general appearance of these Catholic cantons is strongly against them, whilst in Bern all is industry and cleanliness, and not a beggar to be seen.

Zofingen, 30 miles from Lucern, half past nine, Friday Night.—While supper is preparing, I write something of the occurrences of a most delightful day. After breakfast this morning we went to see a model of Lucern and neighbouring country, on a scale of about thirteen inches to a league. It was most gratifying to trace out part of the tour we had just made. The person pointed out the model of one Alp, the Titlis, on which the ice lies one hundred and seventy-five feet thick in summer. General Pfyffer spent his life in traversing the mountains, and executing this model. A portrait of him in his travelling dress adorns the room, and his camp-seat, of a most simple but admirable contrivance, was shown us. We next visited the Arsenal, and saw the sword of Zuingli, the Reformer (for he was compelled, by the law of the Republic, to bear arms, and he fell

on the field of Capelle in 1531); and then the Jesuits' Church, and the Cathedral, where the tawdry ornaments and superstitious images of the Virgin re-awakened that pain of mind which the Protestant cantons had soothed. A noble monument just erected to the Swiss regiment, who perished at Paris, in defending Louis XVI., August 10, 1792, very much interested us; it is a lion, twenty-eight feet long, cut out in the rock, and the names of the officers inscribed beneath. The bridges in the town are surprising structures; the first is a covered bridge, one thousand five hundred feet long; and the second, one thousand one hundred; and in the spaces between the beams of the first there are two hundred and thirty-eight paintings from the Old and New Testament; and of the second one hundred and fifty-four from the Lives of the Heroes of Switzerland. A third bridge has thirty-six pictures from Holbein's Dance of Death. The river Reuss is of a deep blue-green colour here, very rapid, and so clear that you may count the stones at the bottom. We ascended

two hills which commanded magnificent views of the town, the lake, the adjoining hills, and distant Alps ; perfectly enchanting.

Zofingen, Saturday Morning.—It was eleven o'clock before we were in bed last night ; the fact is, we spent all the morning in seeing Lucern, and had a journey, of six hours and a half, to take after three o'clock, in order to reach Bern by Saturday night. I have only further to say about Lucern, that the views from the bridges and the neighbouring hills are some of the very finest in Switzerland. Zurich and Lucern are the most enchanting towns we have seen. The road hither ran by the side of the lake of Sempach ; but by seven the evening came on, and we could see little of the prospect ; a fine moon-light, however, aided us. At the town of Sursee, whilst we were taking some refreshment, I saw a portrait of Père Girard of Fribourg. The son of the aubergiste had been his scholar : I sent for the boy in. He had been five years at school—seemed a fine clever lad—spoke in the highest terms of M. G. He

tells me, M. G. had five classes, and four or five hundred children, at Fribourg; and that he gave lectures on the catechism, and taught the children the New Testament. He was, in truth, too good for the Papists;—they raised an opposition—the Jesuits aided—and Père G. and his whole establishment is now broken up. This aubergiste had sent his son fifty-five miles to this good schoolmaster. The town of Zofingen is in Argovie, and is Protestant; it contains about two thousand souls. A house was destroyed by lightning, in the storm of Wednesday night. The women in Lucern wear, not caps, but immense straw hats, with very small flat crowns, and four bows of ribbon, two green and two red, with sometimes a bunch of flowers. Our voiturier (for we were obliged to hire one at Lucern to take us to Bern) feeds his horses with bread: when we stopt yesterday, we saw a boy with a loaf of bread (of the same sort as we had ourselves), cutting it with a knife, and giving first one horse a slice, and then another; which they seemed to eat with much pleasure.

Herzogenbuchs, 17 miles from Zofingen, twelve at noon.—We have had a pleasing drive through a fruitful country of four hours. The village is neat and clean, and the whole place is crowded with men and women who have been attending a funeral, and are now going to dinner. We are in a Protestant Canton, and within seven leagues of Bern. The village contains about five hundred inhabitants; two or three hundred of whom are dining, or about to dine, at this funeral.

Bern, Saturday Evening, half-past seven.—Thank God, I find myself again with my dear Ann; and thank God also, she is remarkably well. The fortnight's entire quiet, though dull to her in some respects, has restored her to wonderful health and strength. She has also now become accustomed to the food and place, and knows better what she is about, and how to manage the people and things in Switzerland. How great a blessing is this! We had a beautiful ride from Herzogenbuchs to Bern, twenty-one miles. Almost all the country from

Lucern to Bern is well cultivated, the views beautifully mild, herds of cattle feeding in different spots, the meadows yielding four or five crops a year, the farming buildings large and convenient—the whole reminding us of beloved England—which could not of course be the case in the mountain regions which we have left. As we approached Bern, a noble range of Alps stretched themselves before us. We passed Hofwyl, the celebrated spot where M. Fellenberg has a school for agriculturists; but it was too late to stop. We have been, in this Oberland tour, three hundred and fifteen miles in twelve days, and about two hundred of it on mules. Never did I derive so much benefit to my health, as by these mountain rides. We propose now to go on to Lausanne on Monday. We shall set off for Paris (please God) by the 1st of October, at latest; stay there till the 23d, and be at home on Friday the 31st. I had the particular pleasure of finding a letter from you, dated August 6th, and received August 21st, on my return here. Your account of dear ——— grieves me to the

heart. My prayers shall be united with yours, that these severe and repeated afflictions may become real blessings to him, by awakening him to more seriousness, determination, and earnestness in seeking the salvation of his soul, without which we are lost and miserable, though in the utmost outward prosperity.

Bern, Sunday Evening, August 24, 1823.—We have had to-day a delightful Sunday; twice have I heard the blessed tidings of Jesus Christ from the lips of his ministers. The morning subject was John, v. 44; the afternoon Heb. x. The church was crowded in the morning, and the attention of the congregation most pleasing. Notice was given of a public fast for Sept. 11, on account of the sins of the people, and in order to render thanks to God for his benefits. The language of the notice was very pious and appropriate. After recounting the various public blessings of Almighty God to the Republic of Bern, it proceeded to mention “the most excellent of all God’s gifts, the holy religion of Jesus,

which is an inexhaustible source of truth, virtue, and consolation, to so many thousands of souls." It then dwelt on the ingratitude and sins of the people, and exhorted them "to fly to the grace of God in Jesus Christ, and to seek from Him the pardon of their sins by unfeigned repentance, a lively faith, and a true conversion." It ordered, lastly, that all the shops should be shut after three o'clock the preceding day*. At half past four we had our private service. Three English families joined us; so that we were eighteen in all. I was not in the least acquainted even with the names of my auditory; but, an opportunity occurring, I had just mentioned to two families, at the Table d'Hôte, that I was about to have English service; and as we were beginning, a third family, a clergyman's, begged permission to come in. They all seemed intensely attentive. My subject was from 1 Thes. i. 5. "For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost,

* See the second note at the end of this letter, p. 201.

and in much assurance." So far as I can learn, there is much of true religion in this important Canton. The education of the children is strictly attended to—indeed every parent is compelled to send his children to school and catechism. In this respect the Swiss Governments possess a real moral influence. In the police of the towns; the suppression of vice; the prohibition of theatres; the banishing of bad persons at once, and without ceremony; the laws against luxury, &c.; it is amazing what power these States exercise over their comparatively diminutive territories. The town of Bern contains about a sixth part of the population of Liverpool or Manchester: and all the Canton not a fourth part of the population of London—indeed the twenty-two Swiss Cantons are not much more populous than that one immense city. Every thing, therefore, falls immediately under the notice of the magistrates, and may be checked at its first appearance. And this sort of paternal, though perhaps arbitrary, restraint being connected generally with the faithful preaching of the gospel, all seems

to be done, that any Government can do, for the suppression of public immorality and the encouragement of piety and virtue. Whereas in England things are on a very different footing. The overgrown population of the Metropolis, the extent of the other commercial towns and cities, the jealousy of their civil rights which pervades all ranks, the measure of political and religious liberty which they claim and enjoy, the influence of public opinion on parliament and ministers of state, the tone of religious sentiment given by the bishops and clergy, all combine to prevent the interference of an arbitrary discipline, and to leave things at the disposal of law and the general feelings of the nation. Undoubtedly this has degenerated too often into negligence and disorder, especially in the permission of blasphemous and seditious publications, in the neglect of the education of our poor, and in the inadequate provision for the public worship of God. Nor has the faithful preaching of the Reformed doctrines in their simplicity and vigor been so general with us as in the Swiss

churches. Still in England there is a principle of renovation implanted, and concealed as it were, in all our free Institutions, which revives whenever the mercy of God visits our country, and which was never, perhaps, more powerfully at work than at present. The standard of religious sentiment is rapidly advancing, our clergy are rising from their torpor, and are preaching and living according to the gospel, the influence of public sentiment is turned to the side of piety and good morals, our government favours the progress of this mighty change, Parliament itself begins to move, our Bible and Missionary Institutions are in some proportion to our wealth and commercial greatness. Now, in the small governments of Switzerland I suspect that much more must depend on the personal character of the members of the government, and much less on public opinion. And if a spirit of negligence as to morals, or of persecution as to religion, should pervade the minds of the chief persons in a Canton, there would be far less hope of a recovery than in England. But I am indulging

too much in this sort of reflections ; for, after all, under every form of government, the extent of real spiritual religion in the heart and life must ever depend on a higher cause—the grace of God's blessed Spirit. May that influence descend more and more on our own happy country and all Christian nations and churches, yea, on all mankind !

I am your affectionate brother,

D. W.

Note referred to p. 121.

The keeping of a Stranger's Book is one of those foreign customs which one cannot but approve of. It is, perhaps, a little galling at first to an Englishman, to be obliged to put down his name, age, country, family, time of arrival, place of destination, motives of journey, &c., as soon as he drives into a town. But the pleasure is so great to see what countrymen or friends are before you on the road, and to look back and read the names of travellers in past years, that you are soon delighted with the plan. In frontier towns the book is often under the regulation of the police ; but in small towns in the interior, and places of fashionable resort, as The Fall of the Rhine, Mount

Righi, Chamouny, &c., it partakes more of the nature of an Album, in which travellers write down any sentiments they please, together with their names. Sometimes an opinion is given of the country they have passed through, or advice as to inns and roads; at other times a short poetical effusion is inserted, or a stroke of wit and drollery. You meet occasionally with very admirable thoughts and pieces of undoubted genius. My college friend copied out several striking sentiments. It is curious even to look over the handwriting of celebrated individuals. The Stranger's Book further enables you to compare the number of travellers from different countries. I counted once or twice, and found the English four or five times as numerous as those of any other nation. It is much to be regretted that the unpardonable licence of a few persons, I am afraid chiefly Englishmen, is rapidly tending to put an end to this innocent and gratifying custom, or at least to the confining of it to the dry record of the Police Towns.

Note referred to p. 196.

This public religious service is annual in the Swiss churches, and is attended to with much solemnity by all classes. Surely other churches might do well to imitate so good an example. What cause have we in England

at the time I am writing this (March 1824), for thanksgiving as well as for humiliation—for *thanksgiving* on account of the unnumbered blessings which God has vouchsafed to us; blessings almost unparalleled in the history of nations—for *humiliation* on account of our, alas! too flagrant and aggravated national sins. Surely the growing sense of religious obligation which marks the general body of people in England would support the Venerable Heads of our Church in so seasonable an appointment. The highest pitch of public prosperity always touches on the most fearful reverses, by leading to pride, luxury, vice, and forgetfulness of God. I insert the whole of the valuable document from which I have given a passage or two above. I never saw a copy of it in this country.

NOUS AVOYER ET CONSEIL DE LA
VILLE ET REPUBLIQUE DE BERN,

assurons Nos chers et fidèles ressortissans de
notre gracieuse bienveillance, et leur faisons
savoir :

Que, de concert avec les autres Etats réformés de la
Confédération, Nous avons arrêté de faire célébrer, Jeudi
11 Septembre prochain, un jour solennel d'actions de
grâces, de jeûne et de prière.

Et qui de nous, chers et fidèles ressortissans, ne se sentirait avec Nous porté à remercier Dieu publiquement, et

du fond d'un cœur touché, en réfléchissant à tous les bienfaits qu'il a répandus sur nous pendant cette année si pleine d'événemens? Une paix profonde règne au sein de notre patrie, et dans les contrées qui nous avoisinent ; tandis que dans d'autres pays plus éloignés le fléau de la guerre trouble la prospérité des peuples ; et de cette tranquillité découlent pour la vie domestique et publique d'inombrables bénédictions qui s'étendent sur tous les états et sur tous les âges. La terre a été fertile au-delà de toute espérance, et par ses riches productions a confondu les inquiétudes de ceux, auxquels la température variable et pluvieuse de l'été faisait craindre le retour de la disette. Et si par-ci par-là des orages ont occasionné quelque perte, que ce dommage est peu de chose en comparaison de tout le bien que nous avons reçu de la main du Seigneur ! ce n'a été en quelque sorte qu'un avertissement pour nous rappeler qu'il est en sa puissance de nous donner ou de nous enlever ce qui nous est le plus nécessaire.

Et pourquoi ne ferions-nous pas mention du plus excellent de tous les dons de Dieu, de la sainte religion de Jésus, qui est enseignée purement dans les églises et dans les écoles, et qui est une source intarissable de vérité, de vertu, et de consolation pour tant de milliers d'ames ?

Si l'expérience journalière de cette grâce du Seigneur qui se multiplie sur nous de tant de manières, doit à juste titre nous animer à la célébrer avec joie ; Nous ne sau-

rions cependant vous le cacher, un regard jeté sur l'état religieux et moral de Notre peuple, dévoile une grande corruption, qui en vérité nous rend indignes d'une telle grâce. Une légèreté sans bornes se manifeste dans les villes et à la campagne sous une multitude de formes : dans l'indifférence touchant la connaissance et l'adoration de Dieu, chez plusieurs dans un total abandon des temples du Seigneur, dans l'oisiveté, le goût du luxe, et une vie déréglée, qui entraînent la ruine de familles entières, comme aussi des individus en particulier. Et à côté de cette déplorable et criminelle légèreté, n'avons-nous pas la douleur de voir dans quelques contrées des hommes pervers continuer à faire un horrible abus des choses divines, de tout ce qu'il y a de plus saint, pour tromper les simples, pour séduire les faibles, et se livrer à la plus grossière immoralité ? Des iniquités aussi graves ayant lieu, ainsi que tant d'autres transgressions qui minent insensiblement la prospérité publique et domestique ; le soin paternel que Nous devons prendre du salut de Nos ressortissans Nous oblige à les exhorter sérieusement, de recourir à la grâce de Dieu en Jésus-Christ, et de chercher auprès de Lui le pardon des péchés par une repentance non feinte, une foi vive et une conversion véritable, se rappelant soigneusement qu'il ne faut pas s'en tenir à la simple promesse de s'amender, mais que le sacrifice agréable au Très-Haut, c'est une vie chrétienne selon la vérité, la pureté, et la charité.

Nous attendons avec confiance que quiconque desire le bien de la patrie et son propre avantage, ne manquera pas au jour de jeûne prochain, d'implorer pour cet effet de l'amour éternel le secours d'en haut, et la conservation des biens précieux dont nous jouissons.

Mais pour prévenir autant que possible tout ce qui pourrait troubler la dévotion pendant ce jour solennel de jeûne, Nous ordonnons enfin sérieusement, que durant tout ce saint jour, et la veille depuis les trois heures de l'après-dîner, toutes les auberges et pintes soient fermées pour chacun, excepté pour les voyageurs étrangers; Nous défendons en même temps les courses indécentes d'une paroisse dans une autre, et entendons que chacun fréquente l'église de sa paroisse.

Veuille l'Auteur de toute grâce lui-même faire servir cette institution à sa sainte gloire, à la prospérité de la patrie, et à l'avancement du bonheur de chacun en particulier.

Donné le 18 Août, 1823.

Chancellerie de Berne.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

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